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For the
Grace of God
that brings
salvation
has appeared
to all men

GLORIA



IN EXCELSIS

Christ's birth: a tender love story

A small village in the Middle East, Bethlehem. No United Nations Peace Keeping Force, no Yassar Arafat, no Henry Kissinger, no Guerilla fighters!

A town overflowing with people, descendents of the worst and the best of its families. The whole countryside — populated by travellers, come home to be counted with their own.

There is loneliness in the air, annoyance, irritability. The normal course of life has been interrupted, accommodations are inadequate. No town planning committee, no lottery to prepare for the occasion.

The high moon lights a cold silver path at the edge of town for a man and his pregnant wife and his donkey.

Where can a man rest for the night with a pregnant wife? No hospitals, no social agencies, no civil rights committees!

A barn will do. In this day and age, a man is lucky to find any kind of shelter. If he were alone, he probably would simply sleep out in the cold night.

A barn? On a night like this, a king or a prince might be glad for just a little warmth.

But it's late, he's tired, so is his wife. The baby is almost due. "Why can't they keep quiet next door? Perhaps the tavern wouldn't have been a good place to spend the night anyway, Mary. Why do people have to lose control of their senses as soon as they are removed from their regular routine and responsibilities? What an atmosphere for a child to be born in!"

"Mary, are you warm enough? I'll close the door to lessen the draft. It won't be long now dear. Remember what the angel said? Don't be afraid?"

"I'm not afraid. As long as the child will be warm enough. He's not just any child!"

"No Mary, he isn't. Oh Mary, Mary, what will come out of all this! What does it all mean?"

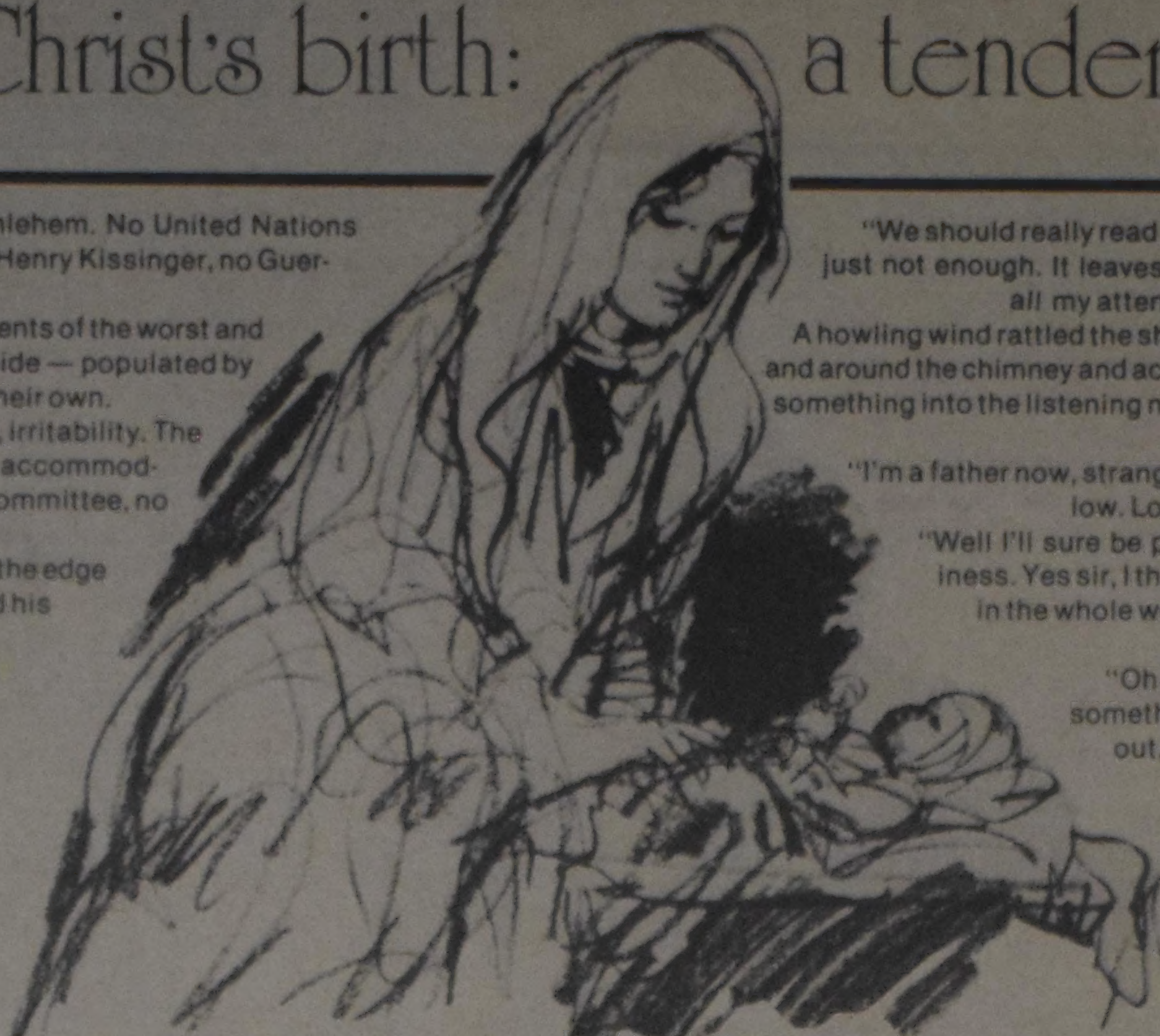
"That's best left up to the Lord!"

High over the stable stands a star. The night is cold, clean, clear, determined to make itself felt, remembered, forcing itself into the memory of bone-chilled wanderers. A night not soon to be forgotten.

The star stands as an angel, as if it were keeping a vigil or waiting to keep an appointment.

Higher, yet much higher, at a different level of existence, of activity, of meaning and purpose is an air of excitement, expectation.

A host of observers watches the scene below, light year upon light year



away. An atmosphere of awe and wonder, of exaltation lifts the heavenly host to a divine rapture of praise.

An incident, an everyday occurrence, quiet commonplace among men holds heaven spell-bound!

A faint cry, like that of a child, pitifully, faintly, announces the redemption of mankind in the icy abyss of the night.

"Hallelujah!" The heavenly chorus breaks out, resounding forever through infinite space. "He has arrived! Praise God all is according to His Plan!"

"Mary? Are you all right? He'll be alright too, dear. It's a cold night, but the manger is warm. Remember the angel, Mary. Just believe and trust."

"How helpless he looks and yet how safe. If God is for him, who can be against him? Let's try and sleep. If only there wasn't so much noise from next door. What are they arguing about anyway?"

"Innkeeper! Where is my supper? Bring something for my skeptical friend here too!"

"God will bless you for your kindness to a stranger but, what do you mean the Messiah may come soon? They've told us that for years! I wonder if he really will come at all. I wish he would hurry up. It's time our people had a king again who could handle these Romans. This is

"We should really read our prophets more! A general knowledge is just not enough. It leaves you guessing. But this business requires all my attention, I hardly have time even for my family."

A howling wind rattled the shutters of the inn, whistled past the door, up and around the chimney and across the yard to the barn, where it whispered something into the listening night, and quietly settled down like a cat settling down for the night.

"I'm a father now, strange feeling! He's not a bad-looking young fellow. Looks a bit like me, even if I do say so myself."

"Well I'll sure be proud to have him carry on the family business. Yes sir, I think he'll just about make the best carpenter in the whole world. Forgive me Lord God! I'm sure you can understand a bit of fatherly pride."

"Oh well, I may as well sleep too. Funny though, something about Mary and the baby. I feel a bit left out, as if I've lost her to him. Well, I guess that's the way it should be and always will be."

The host above the stable were still discussing the birth, the memory of that birth — death cry, from eternity to life and then, where? To eternity again. O death where is thy sting?

A single faint birth cry, announcement of a new life, reverberating through the night from particle to particle, atom to atom like wave throughout creation, creation completed, the plan perfected, the scale tipped, the victory won as it was destined to be, only the final chapters to be written to complete the book.

"The baby sure is quiet, and Mary too. Both are asleep. Perhaps it's just me, but I feel peace in the air tonight. Everything seems wrong: the cold, the barn, the manger, yet everything feels right. Thank you anyway, Lord God!"

Think of it, the eternal infinite implications of Christmas, of Christ for man, for me, for you. How fortunate were the circumstances of his birth. No sham, no spectacle, no promotion experts and public relations men.

How wise God is! He is infinitely wise! What magnificent timing, what ironic planning. He is a playwright of the finest magnitude. Genius without compare. The perfect mystery, perfectly staged, camouflaged yet every sign readily available. What a love story, a masterpiece. An unexpected gift of love not temporary, but eternal, more than asked for or expected.

Surely to be at peace, to love and be loved by Him who loves eternally is peace beyond our understanding and love which cannot disappoint.

by Wally Goossen

Illustration by Otto Dicke.

The cover story

A light has dawned

It is hard not to be impressed by Christmas.

In the church of which our family is a member, Christmas 1979 was celebrated two months ahead of time. The reason was a family of Vietnamese boat people, who had been with us for a few months, and who were in need of winter clothes. Since cold weather doesn't wait until after Christmas, it was decided to use their need for coats, gloves, boots and scarves as an excuse for an early Christmas celebration.

My catechism class had adopted Mrs. Le, while other groups took care of the other seven members of the Le family. The presents were neatly gift wrapped and given to the family at a potluck dinner attended by almost everyone. Opening the presents was

such a heart-warming experience that few who were there will ever forget it. But what impressed me the most was hearing someone explain, to people who had never before been exposed to Christianity, that God sent His own Son into the world... for us!

Even the singing of Christmas carols in October seemed to add a special meaning to the old, and by December 25, all too familiar, songs about peace and joy, and comfort.

I don't know what it's like to hear the good news of Christ's birth for the very first time, but chances are that it could sound absurd. Why God should send His Son into the world of homeless boat people and prosperous capitalists, of convicted criminals and theologians, of dying cancer patients and muscular lumberjacks, of grieving

widows and new mothers who can hardly cope with the joy of new life... for all of these God sent His Son.

And He sent Him because you and I, and all the people mentioned above once walked in darkness... or still do.

The incredible truth is that God didn't have to send His Son, that He could have created another perfect world — with perfectly obedient creatures who would praise Him constantly by doing His will. But instead, He saved the world in which we live from its deserved fate, because as Paul wrote in his letter to Titus, "The grace of God that brings salvation has appeared to all men."

Jesus' birth was the fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy, "the people walking in darkness have seen a great light; on those living in the land of the

shadow of death a light has dawned."

For those who hear the story for the first time, whether they are ancestor-worshipping Vietnamese, or post-Christian assembly line workers with whom we share a cafeteria table on the night shift, the light of a new day can indeed begin to dawn.

Maybe, in order to convey God's marvelous gift to others, we have to look at Christmas again with the wide-eyed wonder of a child, and get a bit choked up about a Son Who deems us important enough to come into our world to die for us.

For that unspeakable gift, we can only say: "Glory to God, in the highest."

John Knight

Light in the dungeon

by Hans Uittenbosch

Rev. Uittenbosch is Seaway chaplain at the harbour of Montreal, Quebec.

It's happening too often and in too many ports. Just recently it happened again in Montreal.

As I drove up to the gatehouse I could see the trouble from afar. The National Harbours Board Police cruiser with flashing lights standing so obviously in the middle of the road, a group of long-shoremen curious about what was happening, the gatehouse guards excitedly attempting to interpret the crisis that had come to their otherwise quiet post. And in the midst, a group of dishevelled seamen; Filipinos, Greeks, Pakistanis, a few Egyptians, one from Lebanon and some Indians. About 15 in all.

They had obviously left their ship, — only a stone's-throw away — in a hurry, as I detected that some of them still had their working gloves on, though one ambitious Egyptian had a suitcase in hand. But all the others were evidently dressed for work, if you can call it 'dressed.' Broken boots, flimsy rain-gear, and rags wrapped around their necks and faces to keep the bitter cold out. Their coveralls, or what remained of them, were hard with paint stains, rust and dirt. They looked overworked and underfed, some of them downright sick. In short they presented a pitiable sight.

It was the NHB police this time, and not the gatehouse guard who summoned me to a halt and when I got out of my car, they marched me right to the seafarers who stood half in, half outside the guardhouse. "It's a job for you Padre," they said. "You take it from here."

They left me with the group of seafarers and two gatehouse guards, one of whom was rapidly working himself into a state of hysteria. He had reasons for it. He, after all, had already heard the story from the seamen and his wrath and fury got the better of him to the point that he started hitting his own guardhouse with such fury that he was liable to do damage to himself. I grabbed him by his coat, and asked him to control himself so that I could be able to get the story as well. He fortunately responded by quieting down, and so I got the story, not from him, but from the men themselves, while our guard just studded it with his exclamations of indignation and shock, couched in language that does not bear printing very well. A sorry story it was.

The m.v. Borboros had docked late the previous night after a five week trip from the other side of the world. It had stopped in Montreal to get fitted out for entrance into the St. Lawrence Seaway, and now,

one day later, it was ready to sail again. The m.v. Borboros was in a hurry. She was headed for Detroit, to unload a very expensive cargo and was then due to load grain at the Lakehead for delivery to Cuba. All this had to be done before the closing of the St. Lawrence Seaway, which is usually about the middle of December.

Her owners had prepared delivery of their costly cargo well. Formalities were expedited, notification of arrival had duly been given to agents, a welding company stood ready upon arrival to fit the ship for seaway passage, bunkers were taken on from a barge to save time, telexes were readied to order the cargo of grain, Canada customs officials were summoned to put down their signatures and straighten out the enormous bulk of paperwork associated with the shipping world. Linesmen were ordered, a pilot was notified, tug-boats were called up. There was no time to lose.

But one thing had been forgotten. The m.v. Borboros sails by the grace of the people who have been hired to man her. And in the world in which the demands of business and the need to make a profit are met, the human element and the needs of people are often pushed into the background or not attended to at all. In our capitalistic structure it is a continued struggle to maintain the dignity of humanity. On the m.v. Borboros it came to a head.

Despite a full day in port after five solid weeks at sea, no mail had been forwarded to the ship's agents in Montreal. The very lifeline of the men with their families had been cut because, in the larger pattern of the m.v. Borboros and its heavily documented cargo there had just been no time to look after this. Payment for the crew, enabling them to send money to their families was not on the agenda. The head-office in Greece had sent enough to give everyone \$10 to buy stamps and some cheap souvenir, but wages were kept safely stashed away in head office's financial tub.

More over no one on board could get even so much as an hour off while in port. Four men were visibly sick and had repeatedly asked to be sent to a medical facility immediately upon arrival, but in the context of the ship's busy schedule, there was no time for that. Moreover, the ship could not run the risk of losing some men to a hospital ward while there was such a precious cargo in need of delivery in Detroit.

The heating system in the crew's department had broken down, but the shore repair crews would take too long to come to grips with the problem, so the matter was left for what it was. Broken pipes, flooded

cabins and freezing temperatures on board played no role of significance in comparison with that other aim: to deliver safely and in time some of the costliest cargo Detroit ever stood to receive.

For ships accustomed to plowing tropical waters, coming to Montreal in the beginning of December and then going up the seaway, is no picnic. In fact, it is almost disastrous. Some companies aware of this part of the world, and its fierce climate, coupled with a remnant of human concern, provide their entire crew with proper winter gear when their ships are sailing on the Great Lakes in the late fall and early winter. The human concern must be indeed an overriding factor, because the provision of winter gear for a crew of some 25 people may run into "as much" as some \$2,000, an amount which on a "costly cargo to be delivered to Detroit" running in the neighborhood of some two million dollars should not even be considered of any significance, yet, it is not infrequently adjudged to be too high to be spent as an extra on the crew, even though it may be a part of the contract that the company is to take care of its crew.

But then, contracts don't mean much these days. A Lebanese, or a Pakistani, can hardly be expected to understand what he is signing when he puts his name to a document written in Greek, and supported by promises and assurances of a master who is in need of a cheap crew. Furthermore, the ship is registered in Panama, the owners are in Greece, the charters are in New York, the agents are in Montreal, and no one is really prepared to be bothered by hands that show signs of frostbite when those hands are from a Filipino seaman or an Indian deckhand.

In our enlightened day, in a world of fierce competition, cheap labor can still be bought for \$100 in wages a month, and barely enough to eat to stay alive. For after all, who would think of the fact that Eastern people are used to a totally different diet than the Greeks enjoy. A master on board ship today has enough headaches with his owners, charters and agents, than to be concerned with the dietary needs of some 12 or 13 different nationalities he has on board.

Fair enough, but at least see to it that there is enough food! On board the m.v. Borboros there wasn't. There was no proper food, no water, no heat, no facilities, and the place was infested with rats and cockroaches. There was no mail and no money. Yet the laborer is worthy of his hire, even if it is only \$100 a month. And some of the crew members had been on board more than 16 months.

Yet every time they had asked for their wages they were pacified with a few ten dollar bills and assurances that in the next port they would get their due. Yet at every port it was the same story.

And so the patience of an otherwise docile, yet tired crew had come to an absolute end. What triggered it was the human concern amongst themselves. One of their four sick crew members, a 61-year-old Pakistani man, no longer was able to face up to the continued strain that was put on his exhausted body, and so he started to let go on his will to live. Slumped near one of the exits on board, he prepared to die, from lack of medical attention, cold, frustration, exhaustion and pure disgust.

That did it. The entire deck crew picked up their sick co-worker and marched off the ship straight to the gatehouse and there verbalized what not only the guard, but any untrained eye could see: human life was at stake.

We have a strange law in this place. The moment a foreign seaman steps outside the gate enclosing the Federal Port Authority property while unauthorized by his ship's master, he is considered to be entering Canada illegally.

When I had a chance to react to the plight the crew from the m.v. Borboros had placed before me, I suggested that they stay put in the guardhouse inside the gate, while I would see their Pakistani friend to the Medical Clinic.

During my student days, I once drove an ambulance; as I looked at my charge I decided I should at least in terms of speed, copy that event.

It proved to be of value. In less than 20 minutes our Pakistani friend found himself in an oxygen tent in the hospital, where, for your information, he stayed for 37 days with what was later diagnosed as tuberculosis.

When I returned to the gatehouse, I arranged for a small delegation to accompany me for an inspection tour on board, so as to be able to see for myself how bad it was. It was worse.

As we slithered through half flooded, unimaginably delapidated hallways, we entered the crew's messroom just in time to see a rat get himself caught in one of half a dozen rat traps set up around the room. Most unappetizing.

A brief walk through the galley confirmed what had been said already: The Greek officer's rations were of a totally different order than the rations for the crew. The cabins were so infested by cockroaches that literally hundreds of them shot away in all directions as we opened the door. The place looked awful.

Even as I climbed higher, to the officers' quarters and

finally to the Captain's cabin I couldn't get away from the idea that I had entered some sort of dungeon.

I had promised the crew that I would speak to the Captain on their behalf in an effort to resolve at least some of their problems.

In a crisis of the sort we found ourselves in, it is always a rather unpleasant matter to have to speak to the Captain. After all, in almost all cases he is the one who has precipitated the crisis, although our judgment should be garnished with mercy. The man is in a tight spot. He sits between his people on board and the owners for whom he works. But too often, the owners in their relentless efforts to make as big a profit as they can, care little for the men on board. And not infrequently do they find a ready ally in the Captain.

On board the m.v. Borboros that was precisely the case. The company had made a deal with the Captain to keep the foreign crew at bay, where it concerns their demands for wages. The Captain was to pacify them with a few dollars in every port, but their pitifully poor wages should stay in Greece until their contract (12 or 18 months) would be finished. In that manner, the money in Greece could nicely accumulate a hefty sum of interest. The company and the Captain split the frosting of this 'cake' and the individual seaman, would never know the difference.

The 'cake's' frosting would be even thicker if savings could be achieved on repairs, on all the other extras, on medical leaves, on food, you name it.

As the crookedness of the sordid situation came more and more into focus, I approached the Captain with the prophet Malachi, an old hand (along with Habakkuk) in attacking some very corrupt situations.

Somehow it made no difference anymore, that two distinguished representatives from the agents and the owners were seated in the same cabin. A \$10,000 fine was attached for late delivery of the special cargo for Detroit. In fact, they told me, every day's delay would cost \$10,000.

The fact that one day's delay in bringing about improvements in the horrifying conditions of the crew conditions of the crew-quarters could conceivably bring about death, illness or mental breakdown among the crew seemed to be of little concern to them at least.

But then, the Captain was in charge. He decides to sail or not to sail. And even that isn't altogether true. With 15 deckhands and catering staff standing ashore, not even the master could declare his ship safe for sailing. So at least the

Cont'd on page 4

...Light in the dungeon (cont.)

Captain gave me a hearing.

I have been told once that one should carefully read the Scriptures to learn how to address oneself to people who knowingly and 'with aforethought' make a mockery of justice and fair dealing. One should light into them with the force of God's holy indignation. That is not easy as it might get tangled up with our own (unholy) indignation. But upon occasion, the Spirit of God takes the lead in such encounters and it all comes out exactly the way it should come out.

And so to my own rather shocking amazement, I found myself literally raving at both this man, who could be so callous as to keep his eyes closed to the dreadful condition his very own men (the people on whom, at sea, his very own safety even depended), were in, and at his company, represented here by at least two distinguished-looking characters, whose only concern seemed to be the prevention of a \$10,000 fine.

I informed them of the Lord's dealings with His people and His relentless summons to those who are called by His name to at all times take up the plight of the stranger (the man who has no rights and therefore, stands in need of our grace by exception).

I set before them the specific injunctions of the Scriptures in Leviticus 19 where such stinging statements are made as: "The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night, until the morning." In Leviticus 19 they hadn't run into some crooked ship-owners and captains as yet; otherwise, it would have read: "And you certainly shall not keep the wages of your hired servants, stashed away in some Greek bank accumulating interest, which you split between your-

selves without counting in the rightful owners of that money."

I reminded them that they could not possibly expect to have this sort of thing go unpunished and that as a result they were endangering their own souls. For did not the prophet Malachi say: "And I, the Lord, will come near to you to judgment, and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers and against the adulterers and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages..."

In this, precisely in this down-to-earth relationship, on this business level where hard cash is involved, and where greed and crooked dealings reign, the Word of God rings with stunning clarity and urgency: "Return unto Me, and I will return unto you saith the Lord of Hosts."

To be quite frank, I had expected that at least during my speech (ah, well you might as well call it a sermon, for after all, it really was a sermon) the Captain would stand up and usher me to the door. Since he didn't, I expected he would do so at the end of my remarks. But to my great amazement, after a short pause he simply said: "Now, what do you suggest I should do?"

When I had recovered from the surprise of that reaction, I said: "Get an order out to pick up anyone in need of medical attention, for an appointment with the doctor. Make arrangements to get an extra supply of food (for Eastern people) on board. Make a vow that you will have the ship fumigated, at the earliest opportunity. And summon money, every last cent to which your people are entitled. And let me muster 27 winter coats out of the International Club for seafarers providing a basis on which the company could go to supply

additional winter gear."

It was supertime, and the banks are closed. In Greece it was midnight and everyone was asleep. A \$10,000 fine hung over the heads of all. An expensive tug-boat stood by, idling a costly engine. The pilot continued to sit like a statue at "triple-time wages" and the linesmen were paging through their rule book to see if they could get an extra buck out of it as well. There was no way in which these suggestions could be met without staying overnight and half-way through the following day.

For the crew also needed the chance to send their pay home to families in dire need, perhaps distress. To dry the unseen tears, to muffle the unheard mutterings, curses and cries of those who suffer because they are caught up in the sins of others.

But the master gave in to the summons of the Master. Over the objections of the distinguished representatives from the office! What did it, I still don't know. I'd like to think that it was the Spirit of God who firmly grabbed this man in his soul and set him on a new course.

I have reasons to believe that I am right about this. The ship did stay overnight. The money appeared the following day. The crew received an hour to go to the banks, 27 coats were delivered. Three men stayed behind in the hospital (a second man with suspicion of tuberculosis) and sacks of rice and an assortment of other supplies were brought on board.

And so the m.v. Borboros left for the Great Lakes to deliver a cargo of great value (I still don't know what it was) and headed out for the Lakehead and a load of grain (which fortunately always needs to be prefaced by fumigation if demanded by the

health inspector).

The crew returned to work in oversized winter coats and stood by, night and day through one of the most gruelling voyages on blizzard-reigning lakes and cold channels. A most harrowing voyage it was.

As we went by every ship in port on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, to invite the seafarers in port to our Christmas Eve service in the chapel and to our festive evening in honor of the birth of our Lord, I vaguely could make out the contours of the m.v. Borboros as she was returning from her voyage on the Great Lakes, fully eight days overtime. Carefully negotiating the harbour in a blinding snowstorm she tied up again at supertime about two miles away from the Club. An invitation to the crew to come to our carol-service was not necessary as almost everyone of them rushed out to be in attendance. Roman Catholic Filipinos, Indian Hindus, Moslem Egyptians and Pakistani, Orthodox Greeks and some who knew no God, together with all sorts of others streamed into the little chapel as we sang to the birth of the Saviour and heard the ever thrilling news of God's concern for men told in the Scriptures.

It was during the second lesson from the Word of God, St. Matthew 1, at the end almost, where it says: "... and you shall call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins," that the throng of people in and around our chapel was slightly disturbed as two bent figures, huddled in heavy overcoats made their way to an empty spot near the organ in the back.

They were the Captain and the Chief Engineer of the m.v. Borboros, who had walked on their own, two miles through a blizzard to be in attendance at the Christmas service. The last

two people on earth I expected to see in the chapel.

"But it shall come to pass that everyone that is left of all the nations (which came against Jerusalem) shall even go up from year to year, to worship the King..." (Zech. 14: 16)

In a large group of seafarers from the m.v. Borboros, a Captain sat in the middle, as catering staff and deckhands, sought each other anew in a relationship of understanding with the Master, a bond of love and trust that only the Spirit of Him, of whose healing entrance into this world we had spoken and sung, could bring about. It was a long Christmas Eve, in which much was said, many hands were shaken, and a new spirit started to reign. It was a moving scene, a new humanity seemed to take hold of a man who had been driven by inhuman forces.

As I stood by, observing that mysterious hierarchical relationship that prevails on board ships in which the master is the supreme commander, yet is meant to be at the same time, the father for those under him, many of whom hail from countries where lines of authority are clearly circumscribed; and now noticed how this relationship was newly cemented on the basis of the directions of the God of the Scriptures, I had to think of Malachi again.

A hopeful word this time. A word that could not fit the circumstances better than it did: "And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to the fathers..."

*The word Borboros is Greek for "dungeon." No ship would ever be named like that. There are many ships like the 'Borboros' at sea today.

A story at Christmas time

Long ago, in Paradise,
Eve and Adam were not wise
They took and ate fruit off a tree
Which God told them, was just to see
And not to touch, so they were bad...
And every since, they have been sad,
Because they had to leave their Home...
Into the world they had to roam.

But God gave them a promise then:
In time, I'll send The Son of Man,
My Son, to pay the awful price
Of death and hell. And Paradise
Will open up for you once more,
On an earth, more glorious then before.

Man went and grew upon the earth,
But praise to God was seldom heard.
In fact, man was so very bad,
It made their Maker truly sad...
I'll drown them all, He then decreed,
But spare friend Noah and his seed.

They built the Ark, and in they went
And did not leave it, till God sent

A dove back with an olive leaf
To show, that they the ark could leave...

Then, man went out, about the land.
At first, they built themselves a tent,
But then, they built a tower of stone,
And went way up... No, not alone
Somewhere it is we want to be.
We rule this world... and God, where's He?

Well, God came down, and saw their plan,
And that was when He scattered man,
They could not talk straight anymore.
That's when they spread, from shore to shore.

But Abram was a friend of God,
Though many at that time were not.
But he was old and Sarah too,
Yet God told them: "This will I do:
A Son I'll give your wife and you
And out of him a tribe will grow
To be my People all along,
And they will be a mighty throng

That I will give the promised land,
If they will follow my command.
Then at the time that I ordain
My Son will come and He shall reign
Forever, over all that are
To be My children, near and far."

Well, time went on and on and on...
When will be born that Promised Son?
We read of Jacob and his sons,
Of Boaz, Ruth and Solomon...
Of all the Kings of Israel,
Then, when things went not all that well,
Israel was sent to Babylon...
When will be born that Promised Son?

Then, at God's time, an angel came
To a small city of little fame,
Back in the land of Galilee,
To Nazareth. That's where Mary
Received the glad tidings, that she
Was soon God's Son's mother to be.
She was to have the promised One,
That we all know to be God's Son.
But first, as was since long foretold,

August's decree they had to hold,
To Bethlehem they had to go.
For there (the Bible tells us so),
Was to be born the promised One,
Our Savior. All as in God's plan.

But when they came to find a place
To stay, no one did have the grace
To offer them a place to rest...
A lowly stable was the best
They found... And on a bed of straw,
Where shepherd's later gazed with awe
Was born God's Son. The promised One.
The Son of Mary, Son of Man.
While Angels sang aloud His praise
And now, tonight, thanks to God's grace
We here can have this Christmas night,
And sing for joy, for He's the Light
That shines through all the ages clear,
And in our midst tonight is here,
So we can have Eternal bliss
With God's own Son: Our Lord He is.



by Beatrice Vandervelde

Mrs. Vandervelde is active in the area of children's literature.

"Hey, what'd your Mom say about us knitting?" Tim called out suddenly in the midst of the game of street hockey Bob and he were playing.

Bob's stick froze in mid-air.

"Shhh!" he warned, looking anxiously toward the house. He hoped Mom was busy in the kitchen. "I haven't mentioned it yet," he hissed. "It's supposed to be a secret, isn't it?"

"Aw, what's to keep secret? I told mine."

"You mean you told your Mom what you're making her for Christmas?" Bob asked incredulously. "That spoils everything." He paused. "Doesn't it?"

"Yeah, I told! I can't give it to her anyway. I'm making way too many mistakes and my Mom would die if she had to use it. But I don't mind. The class is great fun."

Bob nodded. Knitting class was fun, even though it wasn't always easy.

"Come on," Tim yelled. "It's too cold to just stand here." He whipped the ball up the driveway again and they continued their game of street hockey.

Bob was in goal, but he could no longer concentrate. Stirred by Tim's question, his thoughts drifted back to that day in woodwork class, when Mr. Kay had given them their new assignment.

"Knitting needles?" the boys had argued. "We have to make wooden knitting needles? Whatever for?"

They had made them somewhat grudgingly.

When they were almost finished with them the new crafts teacher, Miss Kemper, had come to class. She was young and pretty and had blushed when one of the boys had whistled.

"Hey!" Tim yelled. "You're not watching. That was an easy goal to stop."

"You go in goal then," Bob yelled back, although he knew he hadn't been playing well. For a while he concentrated on the game and made some wonderful shots. But then his thoughts were on Miss Kemper again. His stick jabbed the ball as his mind jabbed his memory. How had that gone again?

Miss Kemper had thanked them for the wooden knitting needles, showing them how they were just right for the thick wool she had pulled out of her bag. Then she had hauled out some finished projects from previous years — a scarf, mittens and two hats.

"It's too bad you can't try them out yourself," she had said.

"Why can't we?" some boys had asked.

"Yeah! We'd like to knit," others had answered.

Miss Kemper had smiled.

"I think they mean it," Mr. Kay had confronted her.

"You're kidding," she had laughed. "Boys in my knitting class?" She had seemed to think for a minute and then added: "Well, why not?"

And so the boys were learning to knit with thick wool on their own needles. Most of them were making pot holders, but some had ambitiously chosen to knit scarfs or toques. Bob was laboriously knitting a scarf. He wanted it ready before Christmas to give to his Mother. She loved receiving hand-made gifts and this was his chance.

Tim's warning shout: "Car coming!" snapped Bob's thoughts back and for a while he made a concentrated effort to get the ball past Tim to make a goal.

"Okay, now it's my turn again," Tim said.

When they had changed positions, Bob's body stood ready to stop Tim's shots, but soon his mind was roaming once more. He pictured how he'd wrap the gift in a nice box. Mom would open the box, lift up the tissue paper and see that beautiful scarf. "A hand-knit scarf?" she'd exclaim slowly, her eyes meeting his.

He'd make some knitting motion or do something with his hand, and then she'd say in complete disbelief: "You knit that yourself?" She'd pull the whole scarf out and put it to her cheek to feel the softness of it. Then she'd wrap it around her neck to see if it was long enough. And all the time she'd shake her head in disbelief. "Oh, Bob!" she'd say, and then . . . He gave an embarrassed snort. Well, it probably wouldn't go exactly like that.

"Hey, are you still playing, or are you dreaming?" Tim yelled as he made another goal.

Bob blushed. He shouldn't let his mind wander like that.

It was well into December, when Bob came home from school with a bulging knapsack.

"Hi, Mom," he called out as he pulled off mittens and struggled out of boots and jacket. As nonchalantly as he could, he moved towards his room.

"Oef! Lots of homework, hey?" Mother sympathized when she glimpsed his bulging bag.

"Sort of," Bob stammered uncomfortably, hurrying on. He shut his door tightly and stuffed the bag under his bed. Heaving a sigh of relief, he flopped onto the covers. Slowly he relaxed and grinned from ear to ear. The scarf was finished. He felt like the cat's meow.

That evening Father gave Bob a firm shoe box and he carefully folded the scarf into it. Lovingly he wrapped it. A lot of sweat had gone into the making of this present, but, now every drop was worth it — he'd never had such a beautiful gift for Mother before.

The Saturday before Christmas, Bob and his Father searched for a Christmas tree. They spent the afternoon decorating it. By evening Bob noticed a few small packages under the tree. Good idea! He ran upstairs to get the wrapped shoe box, and added his present to the others.

One package carried his name. For one moment Bob

wondered what he was getting. It passed. His eyes were drawn again to the gaily wrapped shoe box he had just placed by the tree and his thoughts were with his Mom. Would she be able to guess? Would she know who this present was from? Would she mind the few mistakes? Would she be pleased with his self-made gift?

Finally it was Christmas eve. They played the guessing game — you tried to guess what was in your gift by shaking, smelling or feeling it. When she received the shoe box, Mom quickly guessed: "This must be slippers." She needed new ones. She looked at Dad with appreciation. Then she took off the wrapping and opened the box. She moved the tissue paper. Bob held his breath.

"A scarf," she said in surprise. She looked up at Dad, with questioning eyes. He shook his head and indicated Bob.

"From you, Bob?" she asked. "Where did you get it?"

Without waiting for an answer, she lifted it out. "It's beautiful," she said as she held it up. "It should go well with my coat."

"Hey, what's this?" she said as she noticed a slight flaw. She fingered it.

Bob felt a horrible emptiness in his stomach. Those stupid mistakes he'd made. He should have known Mom would notice. Time seemed to stand still while Mom fingered and looked.

It seemed as if she kept her head lowered a long time. When she finally raised it, tears glistened in the corners of her eyes. "You made this?" she breathed questioningly, but she already knew. "Oh, Bob." She was speechless.

Dad filled the empty silence jokingly: "If Mom doesn't want the scarf, think of me, will you, Bob? I wouldn't mind a good neck warmer either, in this chilly weather."

Mom sighed as if coming to life. "Oh you," she scoffed and poked Dad with her elbow.

"There are many presents I'll share, but, I'm going to be very selfish about this one. With this gift Bob gave a bit of himself. Thanks very much, Son." Her words and tearful smile finally released Bob's tenseness and a warm happy feeling rushed through him.

Mom liked it. She was happy.

But the mistakes. Would they bother her? He had to know.

"I did make a few mistakes Mom. Knitting looks so easy when Grandma does it, but sometimes, it was pretty hard."

"Don't I know it," Mother chuckled. "Remember the sweater I tried to knit for you John? I had the toughest time keeping the stitches and rows even."

"Bob," she said earnestly as she turned to him, "these small flaws make the scarf even more precious to me. They tell me, and actually anyone, there's a story behind this scarf. It isn't just store-bought or machine made. It's made by a person. They tell me you had problems but, you kept on. You cared enough about me to spend time and effort on a gift. Yes," she ended and again her eyes were moist. "I'm pleased." She paused. "And proud," she added as she squeezed Bob's arm.

The evening passed all too quickly after that.

Later, as Bob lay in bed, he relived the whole wonderful evening. Everything passed before his eyes — the games, the singing, the presents. But the highlight was giving Mom such pleasure. That had been the greatest experience of all.

With a contented sigh, he settled into his pillow. It was late. Christmas would come all too soon.

Will Mom wear her scarf to church? he wondered, sleepily.

Of course she will, it rang through him. He grinned and with that big smile on his face, he fell asleep.



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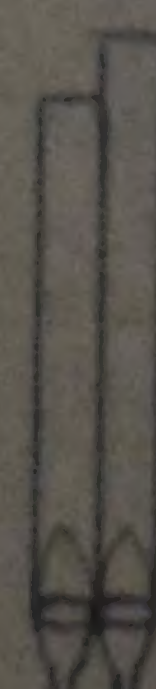
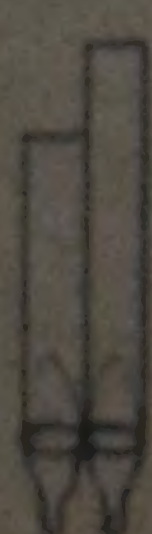
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Could Santa be a reprobate?

by Christine Farenhorst-Praamsma

Mrs. Farenhorst is a regular contributor, to Calvinist Contact, living in Owen Sound.

Although he walked in quite conspicuously, through the centre aisle, there wasn't much of a stir to see him in church. I mean, a few faces turned, as they always do, but besides that, nothing. Everyone kept on reading their bulletins, checking out their psalter numbers and whispering in low tones about bulletin items. He nodded approvingly at the Christmas tree, huge and majestic, loaded with star-shaped lights. It was on the right side of the pulpit and dominated the front. There was no doubt about it, it was splendid.

The minister and elders entered and the congregation rose. He did too, a bit awkwardly, glancing about him all the time. After the salutation and greeting, I handed him a hymn book, but he smiled, in a most jolly way, you might say, mouthing in a loud whisper: "Sorry, I never did learn these carols." It is difficult not to smile back when someone with such a ruddy complexion

smiles at you. I grinned like a cheshire cat, very foolishly, although later on I could not say why.

It was snowing outside and through the window I could hear bells. Sleighbells? Why no, it couldn't be! Reindeer? Ridiculous! But there they were. He must have followed my incredulous gaze, because his twinkling eyes met mine and he spoke softly, "I won't get a ticket, will I?" I blushed.

It was time for the children's hymn, and as they surged forward out of the wooden benches, he leaned forward eagerly, scanning their faces. They beamed at him and sang Away in a Manger. Then they trooped back to their places quickly. The ones that passed his bench stopped voluntarily, shyly touching his great, red coat. He winked at them and patted his knee — but there were none so bold that they would venture to sit on it. Some mothers were just a bit put out, fathers too, but by and by, everyone was in their place again and the sermon began.

"For unto us a Child is born. Unto us a Son is given." He yawned heavily and halfway through I noticed he was snoring heartily. "He had no form or

comeliness that we should look at him, and no beauty that we should desire him." As someone's yawn is infectious, so is someone's lassitude, and several people around us were dropping off. Smothered yawns and sighs were heard throughout.

"He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; like a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and like a sheep before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." It was so confusing — I was tired and my mind was so heavy. The reindeer outside tinkled their bells and snow whitened the church. "... and as one from whom men hide their faces, he was despised." He smelled of holly and sweet fir and I felt the forest about him. The new leather of his boots squeaked comfortably whenever he moved his legs.

Silent Night and Hark the Herald, but he shook his head again when I offered him my hymn book. "Catchy tunes, but I'll just listen. Nice for a change," he whispered, quite loudly, because I saw some people turn.

When a stranger visits our church, there are times when he can come and

go without shaking a single hand or receiving even one coffee invitation. However, when we thronged out towards the lobby, the hands and coffee invitations tumbled about were unbelievable. He grinned and smiled and pulled at his whiskers all the while as his blue eyes took them all in. They all seemed fond of him, eager to know him better. And how he could do it, I don't know, but he somehow promised every one that asked, to drop in.

I looked for him the following Sundays, but he didn't return. That is to say, not to church, for I've heard other people say he visits them frequently and really has no spiritual need to worship. He's shown us a different tree of life, they say and grin, in a very friendly way, reminiscent of his jocular expression.

But I remember something he muttered under his breath, as he sat next to me in the pew. "How can they place a baby next to a Christmas tree? Doesn't mix at all. Takes all the attractiveness and attention away from the tree. No good! Won't do at all!" And no matter who he was, were those words not truth itself?

PASTORAL COUNSELLING



The holiday season

It's that time of the year again when people say to each other, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." It's the time when you hear the singing of Christmas carols. The tinsel and bells and the Christmas trees are out with all their ornaments. People have various ways in which they celebrate Christmas and these traditions are followed by some families and communities in their own way. It's a happy time of the year.

It's a time when we should feel the cheer of the Holiday season. Oh, I know we regret the fact that Santa Claus comes to town already, just after Thanksgiving Day. There is a great deal of commercialization and materialism connected with the celebration of these days. Merchants use this time of the year to take in a good deal of their income for the year. All of these things, however, become part of the Holiday season.

What is it that brings the joy of this season? We all know, because it's reported in the papers almost every year, that for some people it is an unendurable time. During this season suicides take an alarming jump, often among older people but also among young people. While all the Christian churches celebrate the birth of the One who brings life, there are those who contemplate ending it all. It's quite common that there are a number of admissions to a clinic like Pine Rest shortly before Christmas or right after Christmas.

I've heard people say, even though they didn't become disturbed about it too badly, or because they still lived rather well in spite of what they had gone through say, "I surely am glad that the Holiday season is over again." "The children are back at school and all the celebration is over."

It gives us an indication of the way that we celebrate our holidays. There are people who celebrate their holidays in a way that it becomes purely materialism. It's commercialized to such an extent that it's the amount of money

that is spent that makes it a success. In fact, in general, this is the way that we gauge how successful this season is. How much money was spent? How many people bought gifts and what was the cost of the gifts that they bought?

On the other hand there are also people who celebrate it in a more modest way in their homes with their families. They feel the warmth of being together and feel the love that should be found in a family. There are lonely ones — the elderly ones who are in a nursing home, for example. They can feel awful lonely or useless in this kind of situation. They hear the songs of Christmas and the ringing of the bells, but it's not really for them.

I read a story the other day about a chaplain in a prison who said that at Christmas time many of the men become sullen and angry and deeply depressed. The wardens in the prisons are always on their guard at this season of the year because of the danger of riots and violence in prisons. Here again are the people who hear the carols on the radio, but the sound is so empty to them. They see the ads in the paper but they are not for them. They get their Christmas cards from friends and possibly relatives, but they seem so empty.

It's not surprising that there are people who feel badly and who do not share in holiday cheer. For this reason it is important that we think not only in terms of celebrating Christmas for ourselves, but, what we can do for others. How can we help others at this time of the year? I think we can do this too when we think in terms of the country in which we live. There isn't a great deal of that Christmas spirit just in the nation itself — I mean the true kind of Christmas spirit.

The other Sunday, a man was walking out of church and he mentioned some of the things I had said that had been particularly meaningful to him. Tears came to his eyes when he said, "You know, I lost my job last week. I don't

see much chance of getting another one, at least not before Christmas, and it's going to be an awfully bleak Christmas because we just don't have the money to buy gifts for our children. We can just barely pay the rent and we only have to trust for the future."

How can we be of help to those who go through days of distress and suffering and worry. If we think of the coming of the Savior into the world and the beauty of the songs of the angels, it also becomes rather empty to us if we're not ready to lift a hand to help someone else also experience the joy of this season. I'd like to suggest this Christmas that you think more of the fact that when He came into the world, He came to bring the true light and that we see the celebration of Christmas in what it really is. People will often say to each other after the Christmas service in the morning, "When are you going to celebrate your Christmas?" When they ask that question it means celebrating Christmas is not the matter of the worship in God's house in the morning, but it's a matter of opening gifts and eating together as a family. That's the celebration of Christmas?

I know with little children the thought is that getting their gifts and sharing in a good meal — that's Christmas to them. But I wonder if we shouldn't teach our children just a little more about the real meaning of Christmas — the heart of Christmas and that is that as we give our gifts to our children that they also recognize the fact that this is only a reflection of God's greatest gift to us. We ought to be sharing our gifts with others because, basically the question must be asked, "What does Christmas really mean to you and your family?"

If Christmas means the kind of season of the year that makes you tired and that you say, "I'm glad it's all over with or, I'm so happy that I got all my Christmas shopping done." If that's what it means, you've lost something along the way. Now, I know a lot of talking about the meaning of Christmas

doesn't usually help too much. We've heard the story so often and we've read it so many times and we can recite that familiar passage from Luke since we were little children, but basically the heart of Christmas is when the Christ enters into our hearts. Then it drives us away from all this materialism and externals to that which really constitutes Christmas — when the Christ child becomes the centre of it all in our own hearts and lives.

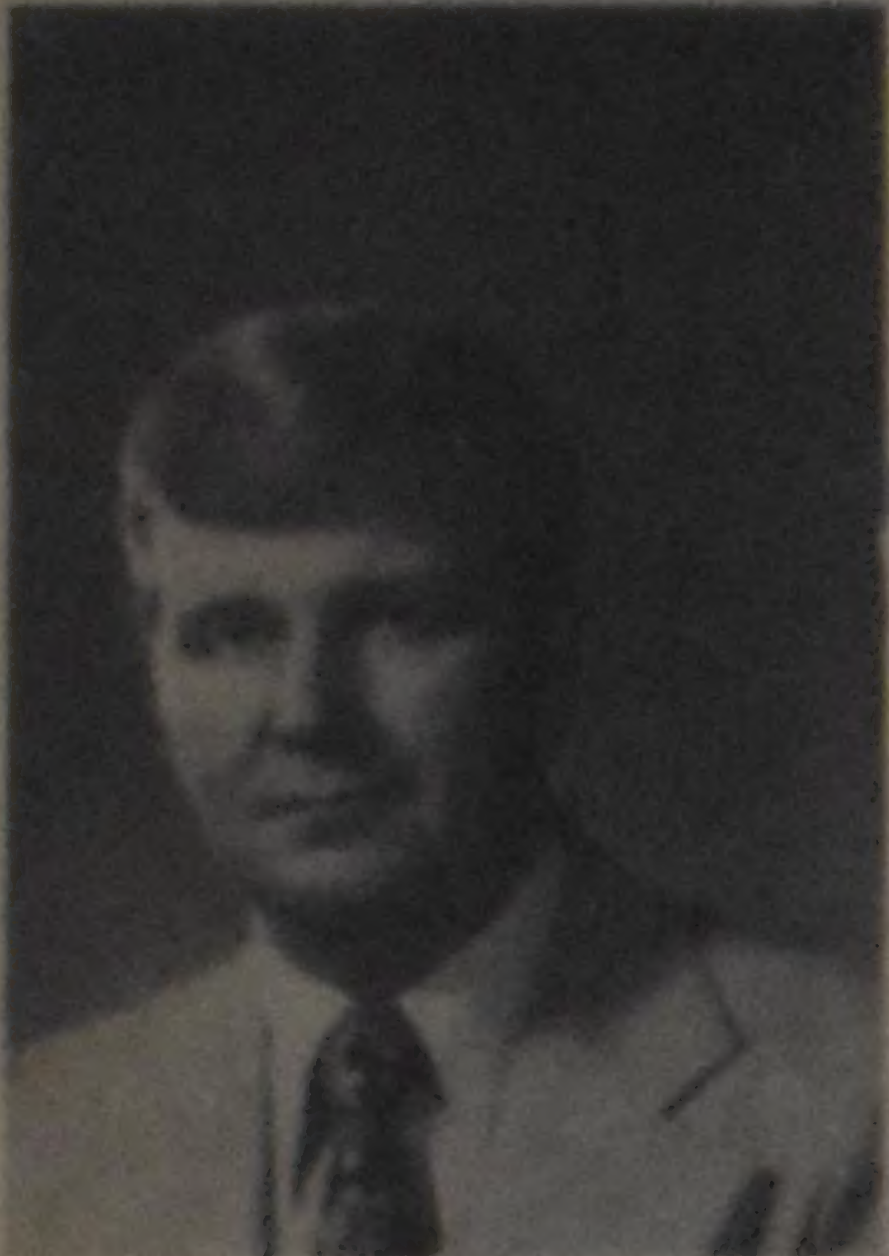
I would like to encourage you to celebrate Christmas that way. That you think of what Christ really means and what the coming of Jesus really means in our lives. I always feel very humble when I think of the Christmas story. You have to bend rather low to see that Christ child there in the manger. You have to listen rather carefully to hear the song of the angels or the message of the shepherds or to think in terms of the journey of the Wise Men, men who bowed lowly before that Christ child.

Make this a happy holiday season, but make it a holiday season that also means that at the end of it, when you've gone beyond Old Year's and New Year's, you can say to each other, "Wasn't that really a blessed time for us."

"I've heard people who were in a mental hospital (since I worked there for so many years) say, 'Really, this has been one of my best Christmases.' It's hard to understand it, but when it's a spiritual matter, that's exactly what it can be. So, have a Merry Christmas and enjoy the holiday season, but then look at it as it really is — the birth of Christ in the world and in our hearts.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

Christmas and any one of the holidays should be a time of celebration and laughter and of fun, but it must also include devotion, prayer and a surrender to the Christ.

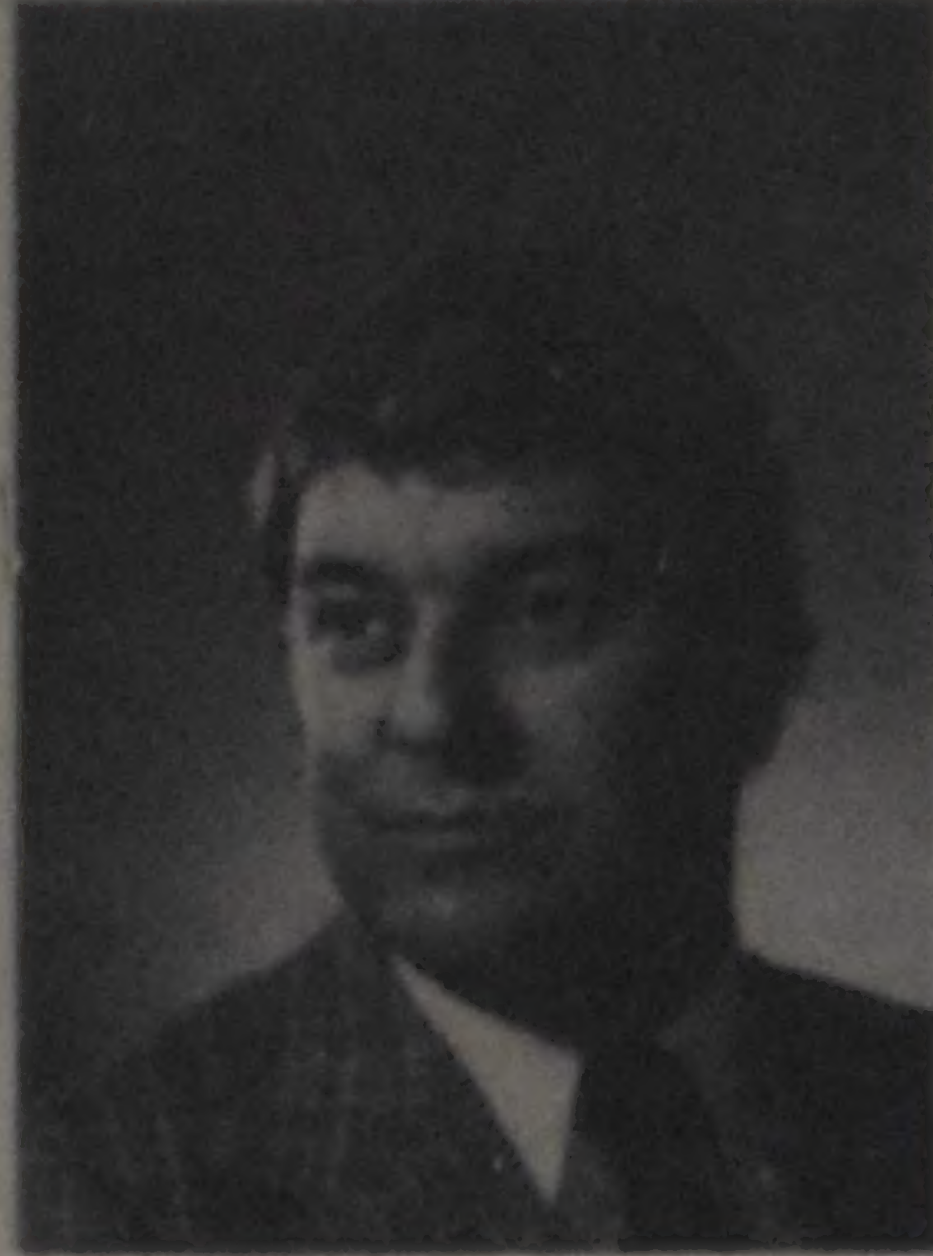


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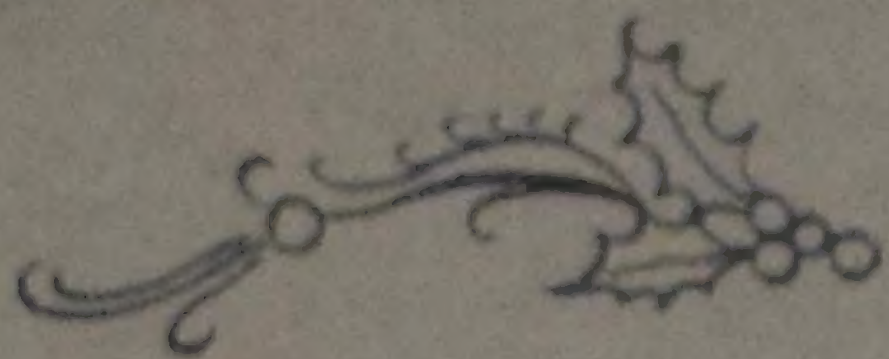


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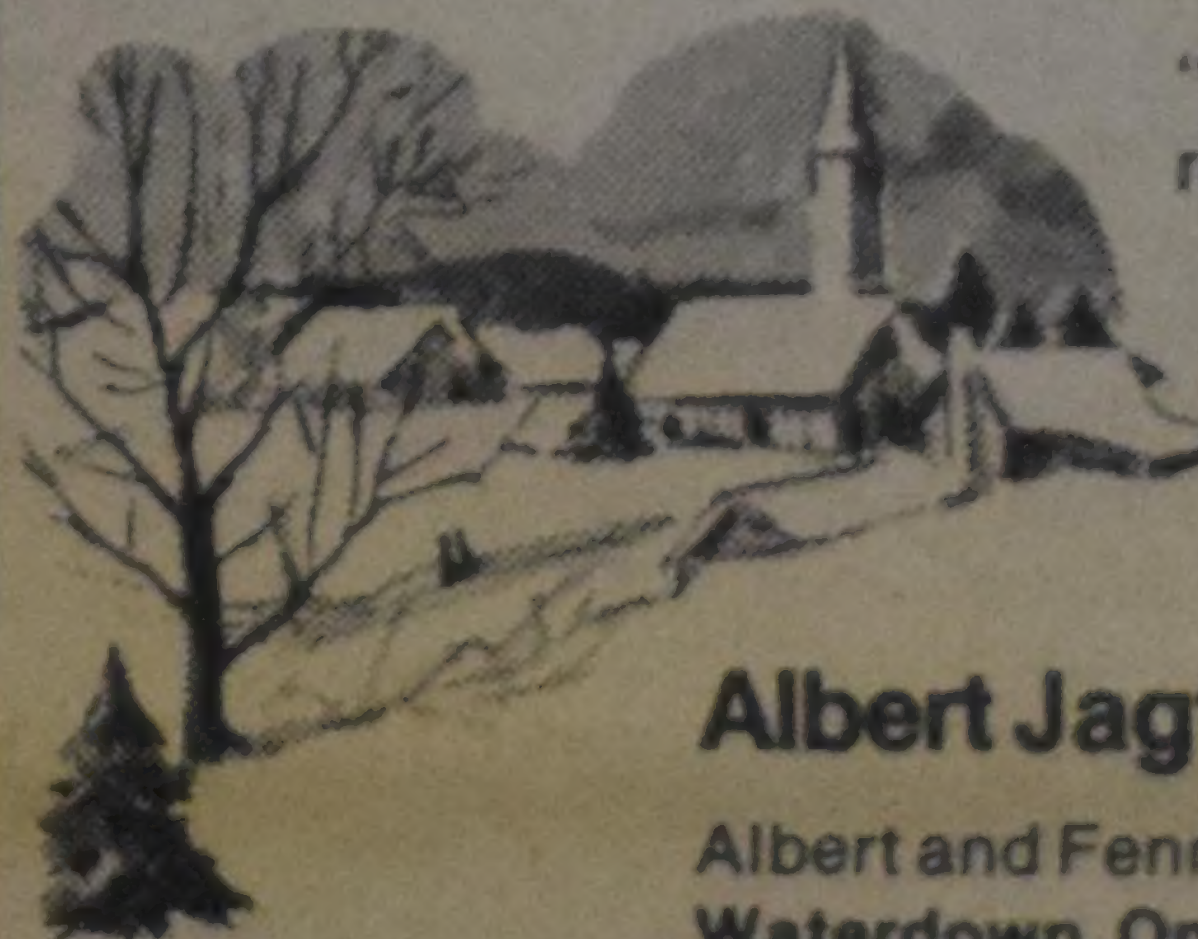
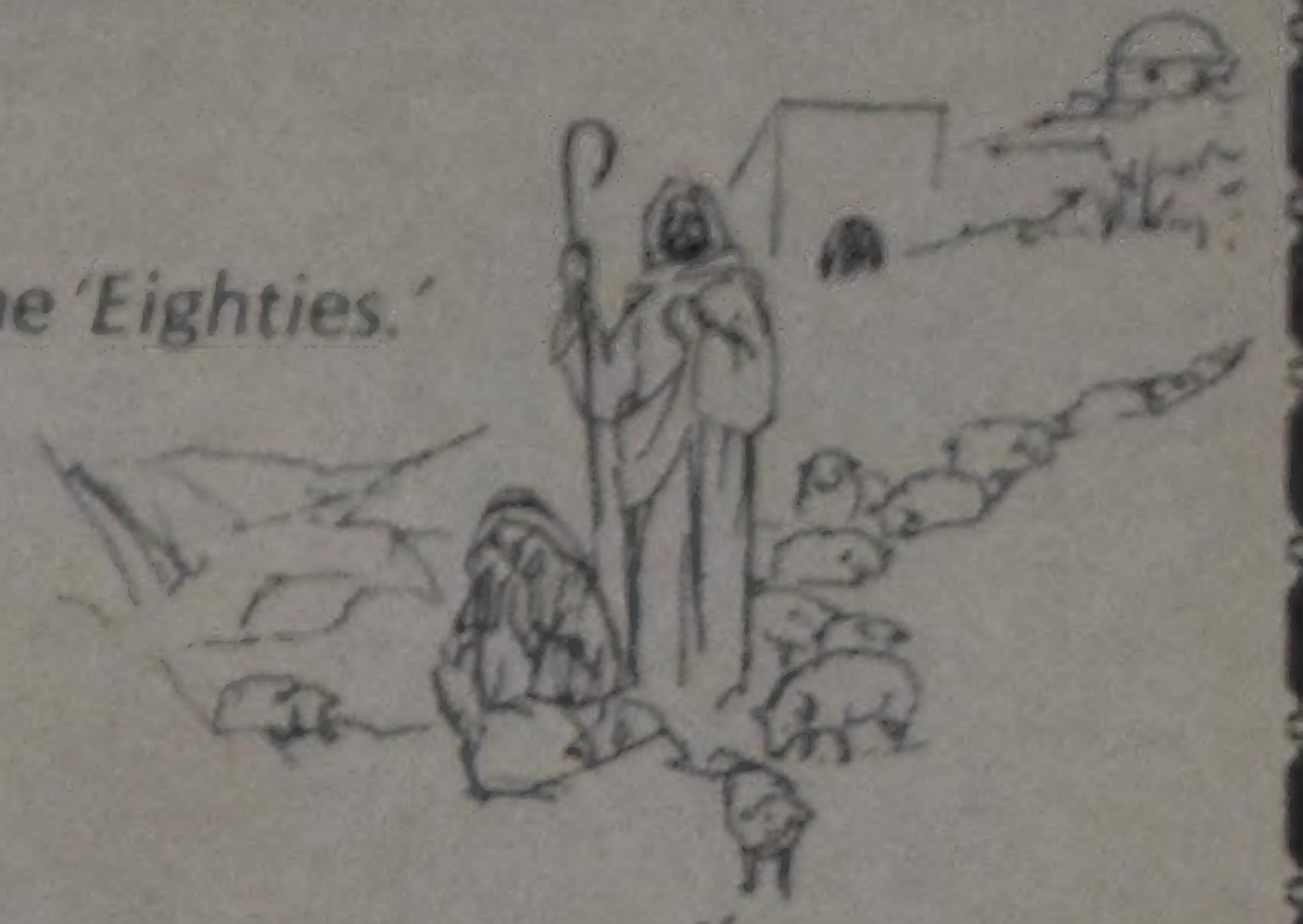
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by Berta Hosmer

"Mom, does Don have to come to the banquet? You know that's impossible!" cried Ann, with a startled expression on her face.

"It's not impossible, at all!" replied her mother calmly. "We can take his own food along, I'll mash it at home in the blender, like I always do, and we'll just warm it in the kitchen at the church. We'll put him in his wheelchair, and he'll have a great time."

"But Mom, you know how he always messes around with his food. Does everybody have to see that?" wailed Ann. "It's my big day; the mayor's wife is going to present me with the award, and Evelyn, the girl from Calgary I told you about, is going to be there, too! Can't Don stay home for once?"

"For once?" asked Mom, and Ann could hear the reproach in her mother's voice.

"For once?" Mom repeated. "You know how few places or events we can take Don. He can't play like other kids, he can't even walk. Are you ashamed of the fact that Don is spastic and has little control over his muscles in his neck and arms and legs? Most people understand, Ann, that a handicap is nothing to be ashamed of. I wish you would also understand. Don suffered severe brain damage at birth, but, in his handicapped body, lives a soul just like yours."

Mom turned around and went back to the kitchen, leaving Ann with her own thoughts. Oh, it simply wasn't fair! Everything had been so much easier when Don still lived in that home for handicapped children. Sure, Mom and Dad would go and visit him regularly, although it was a six-hour drive, and often the nine-year-old twins, Rick and Suzan, and Ann, would come along to see their brother.

Don was okay. He was always glad to see them, and Ann felt sorry for him because he had to live so far away from home and there were so many things he couldn't do. But now that he lived at home, things were so different, and far more unpleasant. Mom and Dad had picked up Don two months ago. The institution where Don lived was going to close and it might be a while before another home could be found.

"You children are all so much older now and you can all help us to care for him," Mom and Dad had said. "Last year the school for crippled children was opened in this town and Don will be picked up by a special bus every morning. We'll see how it goes. If Don is happy here, we might even be able to keep him home." "Remember kids, Don is one of us," Dad had added. "We have to do what's best for him, and right now, it's best for him to

come home."

It had been quite a change. Mom was much busier now, for Don could not wash or dress himself, and he needed special food for it was hard for him to chew. He could drink with a straw, but, talking was also difficult for him. At first you really had to try hard to understand him, until you got used to his speech.

But what was worse, Ann thought, was the way he would jerk his head or arms, and the way he looked. His mouth was always a little open, and he was so small and skinny for his 13 years, and his fingers and arms and legs were bent.

"Actually, he looks like a freak," Ann thought cruelly, but then she felt a little ashamed of herself. Thank goodness nobody could read her thoughts. She could just imagine what Mom or Dad would say. Ann had to admit that Don was smart. He had learned to type on a special typewriter, for holding a pen was too difficult for him. He already did grade 10 math and science and he wanted to get a college education.

Lately everything seemed to revolve around Don at home. Don needed fresh air, and had to be taken for a walk in his wheelchair. Don had to be taken to the indoor swimming pool for therapy to strengthen his muscles. Don was lonesome and needed company. Don had to be taken to the arena to watch a hockey game. Don, Don, always Don.

"I don't want Evelyn to see him at the banquet," Ann realized suddenly. Evelyn, the girl who had everything. A nice-looking older brother, a beautiful home with a room of her own, that was the envy of all her classmates, a father who worked for the government, and had a very important job.

Evelyn had only moved here four weeks ago and already she was the most popular girl in Ann's class. She seemed to make friends instantly. She was nice, Ann had to admit. Friendly and all that. But what would Evelyn think when she saw Ann's brother Don at the banquet? She could just picture it. Evelyn would want to meet her parents and the twins.

And then Ann would say, "And this is my brother Don," and Evelyn would see a small, skinny, rather queer-looking boy with twisted fingers and hands, sitting in a wheelchair, who would try to say, "Hello, how are you," but it would sound more like, "Hejjo — hoyou," and maybe he would even drool a little. She had already told Evelyn that she had a brother who couldn't walk and needed a wheelchair, but she had not told her how handicapped Don really was and how unattractive he looked. Perhaps some day she would take Evelyn home, but, not just yet. She had only

known Evelyn for such a short time and she wanted to be friends with her so badly.

How would Evelyn react to her brother, the freak? Her other friends didn't seem to mind, but they had known for a long time that Ann had a handicapped brother, and she had prepared them carefully before Don came home. But you'd never know how a pretty, popular girl like Evelyn would take it.

The banquet was in two weeks, just before the Christmas holidays started.

"I hope something happens so Don can't go. Maybe he'll get a cold. He gets colds all the time," Ann wished fervently.

Her thoughts were interrupted by her brother Rick who burst into the living room. "Ann, quick, come to the den!" he shouted and when Ann saw what the twins had done, she had to laugh, in spite of herself, and she forgot her angry thoughts.

Tiger, the cat, had been dressed up in doll's clothes and was wearing a baby bonnet, tied with a bow under his chin. Suzan had put him in a highchair that belonged to her doll and Tiger looked almost like a baby with his two front legs resting on the tray of the highchair. Around his neck, he wore a necklace, made of chestnuts and string, and he was purring softly. He loved playing with the twins. Don was watching the twins and he laughed loudly.

"Look what we made for Don!" cried Suzan proudly, picking up a cardboard box and showing Ann the contents. Mom, who had heard the laughter, also came to see what was going on, and together they admired the dolls and pipes the twins had made out of chestnuts.

"Amazing, they look almost real," Mom praised her children. Rick explained, "It's simple, you need a sharp knife to hollow out the chestnuts, if you want to make a pipe. You get some wire and drill a hole in the side, and there's your pipe."

"For the dolls, we just glued the body to the head, and we used pipe cleaners for the arms and legs," added Suzan.

"Neat," admitted Ann. "Could you make me some for the residents of the Senior Citizen's Home? They'll love them. You kids can come with me to hand them out."

"Sure, I'll come," agreed Rick. Suzan asked, "Isn't that why you're going to get that award for doing more than you had to do for the Public Service Badge of your club? You went to the Senior Citizen's Home so often!"

"Boy, did I ever, I sure worked for that badge," answered her sister. "I spent 75 hours there during the past 4 months, and you only have to put in 25 hours to receive the badge.

I must have mailed dozens of letters, run a hundred errands, not to mention all the hours I spent reading to the residents, or just keeping them company. It's fun though, you'll like it too, Suzan when you're a little older."

"May I come too?" asked Don suddenly, and for a moment Ann hesitated. Oh well, it didn't really matter. In the Home, many residents had to use wheelchairs, and many more were sick, or even worse, mixed up and senile. They wouldn't stare at Don in the Home. Funny, that it didn't bother her to work with handicapped people in the Home. But of course that was different, they were not her relatives. "Alright, I'll take you all," she agreed, and she saw Mom's approving look. Mom and Dad had both told her a few times that she had to be more compassionate towards Don. Well, she was trying, wasn't she?

A week later, when Ann was doing her homework in her bedroom, she suddenly heard the backdoor being slammed and several loud voices were all talking and yelling at the same time.

"What in the world is going on?" she cried as she came running, but then she suddenly burst out laughing. Those twins, those crazy kids! Never a dull moment with those two around! Suzan and Rick were just tearing off their horrible looking Halloween masks and costumes and both were panting and trying to catch their breath.

"Okay, now tell me what happened. You almost got caught, but caught by whom, and what were you doing in those costumes in December?" Dad demanded to know. Suzan suddenly started to giggle. "Oh Dad, was it ever fun. We put some papers in an old wallet, and we put a string on it, and then we put it on the sidewalk. We hid behind the shrubs in front of Mr. Wilson's house. Every time somebody stopped and bent over to pick up the wallet, we pulled at the string. You should have seen their faces when the wallet disappeared in front of their eyes!"

"But then an older kid got mad and tried to get us," interrupted Rick.

"Were we ever lucky we wore our costumes! Nobody recognized us in the dark!"

"You shouldn't play those kind of games," scolded Mom.

"Why not Mom?" remarked Rick innocently. "Dad did it, too, when he was a kid; he even told us himself."

Dad grinned and left the kitchen in a hurry, and Mom wisely changed the subject. "Tomorrow after school, I'd like you to take Don Christmas shopping," Ann, she said. "No sense waiting 'till the last minute. You can push his wheelchair right into the de-

partment stores and Don has already typed a list of all the things he wants to buy."

"May I come?" cried Rick. "I haven't bought anything yet."

Ann frowned. "I'm really busy tomorrow," she protested, but Rick cried angrily, "Oh go on, you always say you're busy, when you have to take Don out!"

Ann blushed. "I told him I would take him to the Senior Citizen's Home," she defended herself. "Can't you do it Mom?"

"Rick is right. You're forever finding excuses when I ask you to take Don somewhere," answered Mom. "Tomorrow, I want you to take him, and Rick may come too. And please don't show Don you don't like taking him. He's sensitive enough to have noticed that he's a burden to you. Last week he told me, 'Mom, I like living at home, but Ann doesn't like it, does she?'"

Ann felt as if Mom had slapped her. "Oh, all right," she muttered and left the kitchen in a hurry.

"How much money do you have Don?" she asked her brother the next day, as she pushed the wheelchair along the sidewalk.

Don had no time to answer, for Rick, who had already run ahead of them to have a quick look at the window displays, came running back and shouted; "Look at those neat train sets at the Hobby Shop."

"We're coming, just give me time," panted Ann. Pushing that wheelchair, with her brother in it, wasn't exactly the easiest job in the world.

All of a sudden she stopped. That girl there, in front of the Eaton store; was that Evelyn? It was! Oh no, not now. She didn't want to meet Evelyn now! Quickly she grabbed Rick's arm. "Here, you push the wheelchair for a moment," she commanded. "Wait for me at the Hobby Shop, I'll be back in a few minutes!"

"Mom doesn't want me to push Don when we're downtown, he's too heavy for me, and it's too busy here," protested Rick, but Ann had already disappeared into a bookstore. If she waited a few minutes Evelyn would probably be gone. She'd just pretend she was looking for a gift.

"Can I help you?" asked a sales lady a few minutes later, but before Ann could come up with an answer an excited teenager burst into the store. "May I use your phone to get an ambulance?" the girl cried. "An accident happened right in front of the Hobby Shop! A young kid lost control of a wheelchair, he must have looked at the displays, and he bumped right into a fire hydrant! The boy in the wheelchair was strapped to his seat and the wheelchair fell on top of him, he's bleeding badly!"

Con't on page 10

SEASON'S GREETINGS

Adema: Een gezegend Kerstfeest en Nieuwjaar toegewenst aan familie, vrienden en kennissen.
Mr. & Mrs. Broer G. Adema, Brampton, Ontario.

Bandrings: We wish all our friends and relatives a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.
Mr. & Mrs. Peter Bandrings, 602-1425 Esquimalt Ave., West Vancouver, B.C.

Bentum: We wish you God's peace and his blessings for this Christmas and throughout the New Year.
Abel & Henny Bentum and family, R.R. #8, Woodstock, Ont.
"Keep yourselves in the love of God."

Bloemberg: We wensen familie en vrienden en kennissen een vrolijk Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar toe.
Mr. & Mrs. R. Bloemberg, R.R. #1, Carrying Place, Ont.

Boersma: We wensen al onze vrienden en bekenden in Ontario en in Florida gezegende Kerstdagen en Gods onmisbare zegen voor het nieuwe jaar.
Mr. & Mrs. D. Boersma, Box 38, Exeter, Ont.

Bosma: Aan alle familie, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar toegewenst.
Mrs. A. Bosma, 18 Mohawk Rd. E., Hamilton, Ont.

Hiemstra: Marten and Alice Hiemstra want to wish their families and friends, a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.
12 Vel Ave., Bowmanville, Ont.

Brouwer: Mr. & Mrs. G. Brouwer wensen hun familie en vrienden een gezegend Kerstfeest en een voorspoedig Nieuwjaar!
420 West 5th, Hamilton, Ont.

De Beer: Mr. & Mrs. Andrew de Beer Sr. wish their children, grandchildren, relatives and neighbours a blessed Christmas and happy New Year.
18 Kingsmere Cr., Brampton, Ont.

Dekker: Mr. & Mrs. J. Dekker wish all their relatives and friends the Lord's nearness, joy and peace for this Christmas season and the coming New Year.
21 Hazelwood Ave., Grimsby, Ont.

de Vries: We like to wish all our friends and acquaintances, blessed holidays and a joyful 1980 A.D.
Albert & Dora de Vries, Ottawa, Ont.

de Vries: To family and friends we hereby extend our best wishes for the Christmas season and for the coming New Year.
Harry & Erna de Vries, Hamilton, Ont.

de Vries: We wish all our friends and relatives the joys and blessings of Christmas and God's guidance throughout 1980.
Wim & Truus de Vries, 493 West 5th, Hamilton, Ont.

De Vries: Wij wensen al onze kinderen, vrienden en bekenden gezellige Kerstdagen en een gezegend Nieuwjaar toe.
Mr. & Mrs. W. De Vries, 2 White St., Apt. 111, St. Catharines, Ont.

Dryfhout: Langs deze weg wensen wij al onze familie, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest en Gods nabijheid in het jaar 1980.
Sytze & Geertje Dryfhout, 67 Railroad St., Brampton, Ont.

Ellens: Aan familie, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest en Nieuwjaar toegewenst.
Mrs. Tj. Ellens-van Kalsbeek, 1466 Exmouth St., Sarnia, Ont.

Fluit: Wij wensen al onze familie, vrienden en kennissen gezegende Kerstdagen en een voorspoedig Nieuwjaar.
Klaas & Henny Fluit, Apt. 101, 3260 New St., Burlington, Ont.

Gutter: Wij wensen familie en vrienden een gezegend Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar.
Cor & Lena Gutter, 590 Stone Church Rd. E., Hamilton, Ont.

Haagsma: Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Haagsma wensen de familie, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest en Gods onmisbare zegen voor het komende jaar.
R.R. #1, Salford, Ont.

Haan: Mr. & Mrs. W.R. Haan of Whitby, Ont. wish all family and friends God's blessing on Christmas and the New Year.

Haan: To relatives and friends our best wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.
Roelf & Marie Haan, Port Perry, Ont.

Hamstra: We wish all our relatives and friends a very blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.
Mr. & Mrs. Peter Hamstra, 140 Robinson St., Apt. 1507, Hamilton, Ont.

Hamstra: Wij wensen al onze familie, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar toe.
Mr. & Mrs. P. Hamstra, 169 Caradoc St. S., Strathroy, Ont.

Heidekamp: I wish all my many friends a blessed Christmas and God's nearness in the coming year.
Nel Heidekamp, 250 Lake St., Apt. 506, St. Catharines, Ont.

Hendriks: We wish all our friends and relatives a very blessed Christmas and a most prosperous New Year.
Lucy & Archie Hendriks & Jane, 583 Annapolis Ave., Oshawa, Ont.

Hiemstra: To all our relatives and friends, we wish to express our sincere wishes for a blessed Christmas and a happy 1980.
Bert & Audrey Hiemstra, 200 Westfield Dr., Apt. 105, London, Ont.

Horlings: We wish all our friends and relatives a merry Christmas and God's choicest blessings for 1980.
Walter & Hetty Horlings, Lake Worth, Florida.

Houtman: Harry & Tine Houtman extend wishes for God's blessing to all their many friends, family and acquaintances. A very special thank you to those hundreds of families who have shown their generous hospitality as Harry has travelled and worked this year in Canada.
56 Harriet St., Toronto, Ont.

Janssen: We wish all our relatives and friends our best wishes and God's continuing blessings for 1980.
Hank & Hilly Janssen & family, 65 Rosedale Ave., Brampton, Ont.

Karsten: Wij wensen aan familie, vrienden en bekenden gezegende Kerstdagen en gelukkig Nieuwjaar en Gods zegen.
Mr. & Mrs. P. Karsten, Drayton, Ont.

Knegt: Mrs. Margaret Knegt wenst al haar familie en vrienden een gezegend Kerstfeest en Gods zegen in 1980.
Shalom Manor, 112 Bartlett, Ave., Grimsby, Ont.

Knight: Mrs. Gertrude Knight (nee Weeda) wishes all her relatives and friends God's blessing at Christmas and 1980.
764 Welland Ave., Fenwick, Ont.

Koene: We wish all our family and friends a blessed Christmas and God's nearness in the New Year.
Mr. & Mrs. A.C. Koene, 40 Highland Dr., Chatham, Ont.

Koolstra: This year we do it via Calvinist Contact. We wish all our relatives and friends, especially the congregations of Red Deer, Trenton, Toronto, Kitchener and Waterloo, together with all previous and present students at the Universities of Guelph and Waterloo, that your Christmas may be bright with the unique peace of Christ and that 1980, the beginning of a new decade, may be marked by God's many blessings.
Janette & Remkes Koolstra, Waterloo, Ont.

Koops: Jan & Marie Koops wensen al onze familie, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest en Nieuwjaar.
73 Earls Court Cr., Woodstock, Ont.

Kulpers: Mr. & Mrs. Kulpers Sr. wensen alle familie, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest en Gods zegen in het nieuwe jaar toe.
R.R. #2, Carrying Place, Ont.

Lenters: Peter & Nell Lenters would like to take this opportunity to wish all our friends and relatives a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.
Mount Hope, Ont.

Lip: Langs deze weg willen we al onze vrienden en kennissen van harte een gezegend Kerst en Nieuwjaar toewensen.
Mr. & Mrs. H. Lip Sr., 17 Hazelwood, Grimsby, Ont.

Marissen: Dear family and friends: We wish you all a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year. The Lord bless you all.
Mr. & Mrs. T. Marissen, 19 Marchant St., Aylmer, Ont.

Miedema: Mrs. A. Miedema wenst al haar familie en vrienden een gezegend Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar.
Sunset Homes, White St., St. Catharines, Ont.

Miedema: Mr. & Mrs. T. Miedema wensen familie, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar.
90 Lakeport Rd., St. Catharines, Ont.

Miedema: Mr. & Mrs. T. Miedema wensen hun vrienden en bekenden een vrolijk en gezegend Kerstfeest en Nieuwjaar.
3260 New St., Burlington, Ont.

Moolbroek: Aan alle familieleden en vrienden een gezegend Kerstfeest toegewenst. Tevens Gods zegen voor het jaar 1980.
M. Moolbroek, Trinity Tower, Apt. 107, Brampton, Ont.

Mulder: Mr. & Mrs. A. Mulder wensen familie, vrienden en bekenden gezegende Kerstdagen toe. En evenzo voor het komende nieuwe jaar Gods rijke zegen toegewenst.
608 Stone Church Rd., Hamilton, Ont.

Mulder: Aan al mijn familie, vrienden en kennissen een gezegend Kerstfeest en Nieuwjaar toegewenst.
Mrs. K. Mulder, R.R. #1, Dunnville, Ont.

Oegema: Mrs. A. Oegema went al haar familie en vrienden, nabij en ver, een gezegend Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar.
150 First Ave., Apt. 8, St. Thomas, Ont.

Pyl: I wish all my relatives and friends a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.
Mrs. J. Pyl, 736 East 32nd Ave., Vancouver, B.C.

Regnerus: Mrs. A. Regnerus wenst al haar familie en vrienden een gezegend Kerstfeest en een voorspoedig Nieuwjaar.
27 Oak Ave., Dundas, Ont.

Rhebergen: We wish all our relatives and friends a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.
Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Rhebergen, & family, R.R. #2, Tottenham, Ont.

Schenk: Jan & Aafje Schenk (Sluys) wensen familie en vrienden een gezegend Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar toe.
117 Johnson Ave., Whitby, Ont.

Schotsman: Aan familie en vrienden gezellige Kerstdagen en Gods zegen in het nieuwe jaar toegewenst.
John & Debra Schotsman, 69 Kennedy Ave., Hamilton, Ont.

Schuurman: To family and friends, far and near, a blessed Christmas and New Year.
Cor & Reini Schuurman & family, R.R. #2, Branchton, Ont.

Stolk: May the peace and promise of Christmas abide with you always.
Mr. & Mrs. A. Stolk, 606 Gilbert St. W., Whitby, Ont.

Talsma: Mr. & Mrs. Gerry Talsma wensen al hun familie en vrienden en bekenden Gods zegen toe met Kerst en Nieuwjaar 1980.
4 Nels, Apt. 106, Bowmanville, Ont.

Tigchelaar: We wish all our relatives and friends the Lord's blessing at Christmas and his loving care and guidance for the New Year.
Klaas & Anne Tigchelaar, R.R. #1, Waterdown, Ont.

Vanderlinde: Wij wensen al onze familie en vrienden een gezegend Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar.
Willem & Florence Vanderlinde, 1371 La Salle Rd., R.R. #4, Sarnia, Ont.

Vander Stoep: Mrs. E. Vander Stoep wil langs deze weg alle familie en kennissen, D.V., een gezellige Kerst en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar toewensen.
Maranatha Home, Apt. 209, 3260 New St., Burlington, Ont.

Vander Velde: Instead of cards, we wish to extend to all our relatives and friends a blessed Christmas and prosperous 1980. Let's approach Christmas with an expectant hush, rather than a last-minute rush. Let's approach the New Year with a positive approach of service in his kingdom. Shalom!
Fred & Audrey Vander Velde & family, 2389 St. Frances Drive, Burlington, Ont.

Van Dijk: We wensen familie, vrienden en bekenden gezegende Kerstdagen en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar.
Mr. & Mrs. Cor van Dijk, 4 Edward Ave., St. Catharines, Ont.

Van Geest: Wij wensen al onze familie, vrienden en kennissen een gezegend Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar toe met Gods onmisbare zegen.
Mr. & Mrs. C. Van Geest, 34 Kerman Ave., Grimsby, Ont.

Van Harmelen: We wish all our relatives, friends and acquaintances a blessed Christmas and New Year.
Rev. & Mrs. J. Van Harmelen, Palmetto, Florida.

Van Huizen: Mr. & Mrs. A. Van Huizen wensen familie en vrienden gezegende Kerstdagen en Gods onmisbare zegen voor het nieuwe jaar.
5631 No. 2 Rd., Richmond, B.C.

Van Manen: Aan familie, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest en Nieuwjaar toegewenst.
Mrs. T. van Manen-van Kalsbeek, 25 Tofield Cr., Rexdale, Ont.

Van Rooyen: We wish our parents, brothers, sisters and all friends a joyous Christmas and God's blessing in the New Year.
Family H. Van Rooyen, R.R. #1, Beamsville, Ont.

Van Rooyen: Mr. & Mrs. H. Van Rooyen wensen iedereen gezegende Kerstdagen en een voorspoedig 1980.
2 White St., Bld. 206, St. Catharines, Ont.

Van Schepen: Mr. & Mrs. P. Van Schepen and family wish all their relatives and friends a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.
27 Oak Ave., Dundas, Ont.

Van Soelen: Mr. Cor Van Soelen and children wish all their friends a blessed Christmas and God's nearness in the year to come.
448 Welland Ave., Fenwick, Ont.

Van Staalduinen: John and Mary Van Staalduinen wish all their friends and acquaintances far and near a blessed Christmas and also the Lord's blessings in the year 1980.
66 Canterbury Ave., Stoney Creek, Ont.

Vermeer: Wij wensen familie, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest en Nieuwjaar.
Mr. & Mrs. C. Vermeer, 85 Livingston Ave., Apt. 221, Grimsby, Ont.

Veenstra: Mr. & Mrs. Peter Veenstra wensen hun familie, vrienden en kennissen een gezegend Kerstfeest en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar.
53 Ghent St., St. Catharines, Ont.

Vis: Mr. & Mrs. P. Vis Sr. willen langs deze weg alle familie en kennissen, D.V., een gezellige Kerst en een gelukkig Nieuwjaar toewensen.
R.R. #1, Jerseyville, Ont.

Vreugdenhil: Mr. & Mrs. N. Vreugdenhil wensen familie, vrienden en bekenden gezegende Kerstdagen en Gods zegen toe in het jaar 1980.
Sunset Homes, Apt. 102, 2 White St., St. Catharines, Ont.

Vriend: We wish all our relatives and friends a blessed Christmas and a New Year with the Lord.
Peter & Margaret Vriend, 442 East 57th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.

Wielinga: Fred and Grace and children wish their family and friends a blessed Christmas and God's guidance in the New Year.
Forest, Ont.

Zee: We wensen al onze kinderen en kleinkinderen, ook familie, vrienden en kennissen Gods rijke zegen toe elke dag en in het bijzonder met Kerstfeest en in 't jaar 1980.
Mr. & Mrs. F. Zee, R.R. #2, Site 4, Box 4, Red Deer, Alta.

Zwiers: Mr. & Mrs. Albertus Zwiers wish all their relatives and friends a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.
1007 Exmouth St., Sarnia, Ont.

...Don is one of us (conclusion)

"Evelyn!" gasped Ann. "Don!" and ten seconds later her frightened eyes saw a group of people, a sobbing Rick and the limp figure of Don in the arms of a strong man. "It's a crying shame to let that small boy look after a handicapped person," she heard the man say before she could utter a word.

"How is he?" she cried. "Is he dead, he's my brother!" She could see blood trickling down Don's forehead and his eyes were closed and Rick kept tugging her sleeve, all the while sobbing, "I didn't see that fire hydrant. Honestly, Ann. The wheelchair was so heavy it just toppled over, right off the curb!"

"He's not dead, and there's the ambulance," said the man and later, Ann could hardly remember the ride to the hospital with her two brothers. Everything seemed blurry and unreal. After arriving at the hospital, she phoned Mom and tried to comfort Rick, but all the while she felt as if it wasn't really herself sitting in the waiting room, that is was somebody else and that this awful thing had not really happened. She tried to pray, but she couldn't even concentrate.

Finally a doctor entered the waiting room of the emergency department and spoke to her.

"It does not seem to be as bad as it looks," he reassured her. "Just some deep cuts. We had to use stitches. He has some bruises and a slight concussion. I'd like to keep him here for a few days to observe him. We have to be extra careful since he's handicapped."

"May I see him?" asked Ann, her voice didn't sound like her own voice at all, but then Mom and Dad entered the waiting room and after the doctor spoke to them, he took Ann's parents to see their son.

"Let's thank our God that Don is going to be alright. He already smiled at me," said a tearful Mom later, the whole family, minus Don, was home again and had gathered in the den.

"How did it happen?" asked Dad and Ann whispered, "It was really my fault," but before she could say more, the phone rang.

"For you Ann. It's that new girl, Evelyn," said Dad, as he handed his daughter the telephone.

"Ann, how's Don. That poor

kid. People told me he's your brother. How is he?" asked Evelyn, and Ann could hear the concern in her voice.

"He's alright. He'll be home in a few days," she heard herself say.

"May I visit him when he's home again?" asked Evelyn. "I'd like to get him a present."

"Sure," muttered Ann. "See you, Evelyn."

So Evelyn didn't seem to think you had to be ashamed to have a brother like Don. And the accident had been Ann's fault. Don could have been dead. His health was always so frail. Slowly it began to dawn on Ann, how cruel and unfeeling she had been. She had only thought of herself, not of Don.

"I know it's my fault," she stammered when she looked at her parents and saw their accusing eyes.

"You're ashamed of Don; we know that," said Dad, and Ann heard the anger and coldness in his voice. "You don't really love your brother, do you?"

"Oh, I do!" cried Ann and all of a sudden she knew she meant it. "I hardly know him," she whispered miserably, but Dad replied in the same cold voice, "You did not even try to get to know him. There's a saying: If a child grows up with cruelty, he learns to be cruel. You can't say that about us. We've tried to teach you compassion. Remember, Don's one of us, and nothing can ever change that. Now go to your room!"

Ann flung herself on her bed and sobbed as if her heart would break. She realized that Dad was right. The twins had loved and accepted their brother. But she had rejected Don ever since he had come home. She had been proud and unloving and just as cold to Don, as Dad now was to her. What could she do?

"I can pray," she remembered suddenly. "Forgive me Lord, and please help me," she prayed over and over again.

Several hours later, Mom entered her room. She put an arm around her daughter. "Remember those lines, Ann?" she asked softly. "Something like,

Christ has no hands but our hands

To show His love today."

We can do all kinds of things for others, like your helping the elderly for instance. You may even win an award for that. But in God's eyes, it has no value at

all unless you do it out of true love for your neighbor. And is Don not even more than your neighbor? He's your brother. You don't even know the meaning of Christmas Ann, if you celebrate the birth of your Savior, but refuse to reach out in compassion to those who need you the most. Don needs you so much. He needs all the love we can give him. And handicapped persons are often super-sensitive. Do they ever

feel it when you reject them! Don has a beautiful soul, Ann. He never complains. Someday, in heaven, he'll be perfect."

"I know, and I'm sorry, I really am, and I'll make it up to him, somehow," whispered Ann, and Mom kissed her daughter and quietly left the room.

"I'm quite sure that Ann also knows now that Don is one of us," she said to Dad, when she came downstairs again.

"Good!" cried Suzan, who

had had enough of the solemn atmosphere in her home, and started punching her brother.

"Stop punching me, kid!" cried Rick, and Mom and Dad smiled at each other.

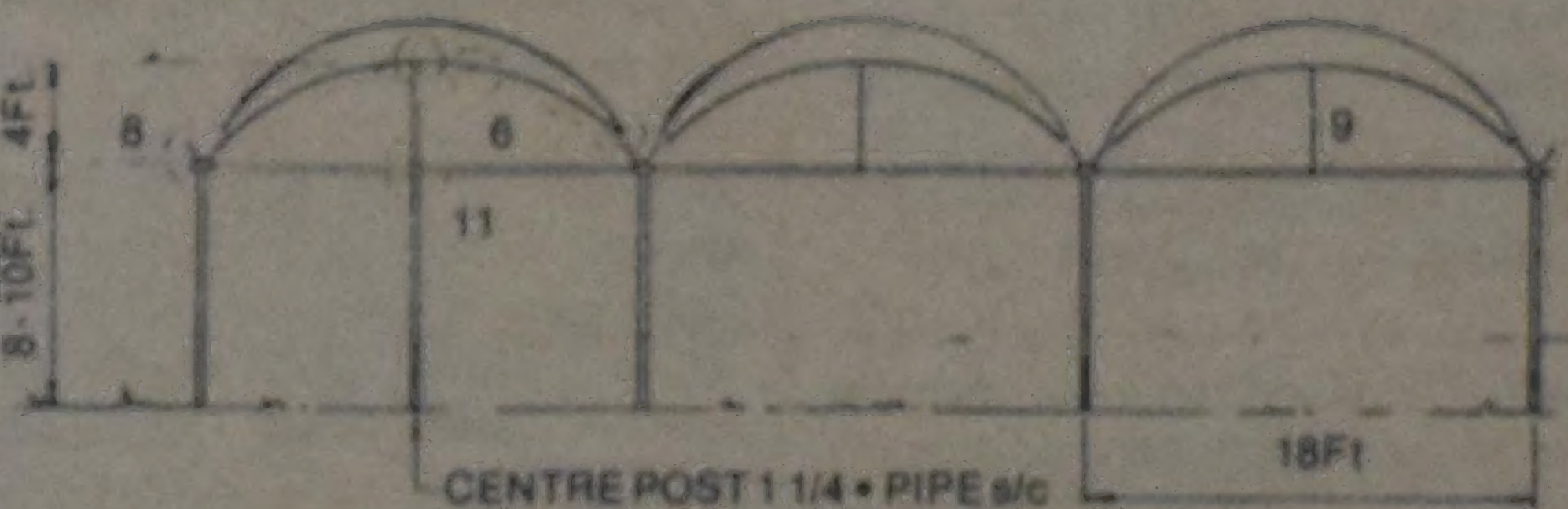
Things were getting back to normal in the house. But both Mom and Dad knew that after Don would come home, things would not be quite the same anymore. And quietly they gave God thanks, for the change He had worked in their daughter.



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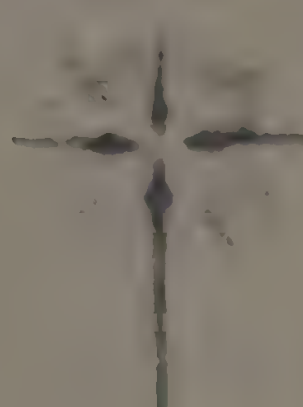
Wishing all of you God's blessing
for this Christmas season
and for the New Year

From the staff of Calvinist Contact:

Peter Bandringa
Anne Biemé
Len deRuiter
Harry de Vries
Anne Hamming
Jeanette Jansma
Keith Knight
Chris Kwint
Larry Lutgenuloff
Laurie Payette
Deanna Struyk
Helen Van Oostveen
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tage that has helped us plot an unwavering course of Christian service.

At times we are deeply dismayed about the fact that this Reformed
perspective and heritage is buffeted and attacked; there seems so
much uncertainty and doubt about where we are going; there are so
many divergent views as to how one serves the Lord from our tradi-
tional reformed basis. Sometimes one almost despairs of reaching
any agreement or consensus.

Is the Bible for all of us still by faith and not by intellect, the infallible
Word of God, whether we can understand it or not, comprehend it or
not, but only believe it because the Bible says so, God Himself says
so!

Yes, we wish you a blessed Christmas, and at the same time we urge
all of our friends, acquaintances and business associates to recom-
mit themselves to the faith of our Fathers, to follow the Lord, to
submit to the Cross and to let the Bible be a "lamp for our feet" and a
"light for our path."

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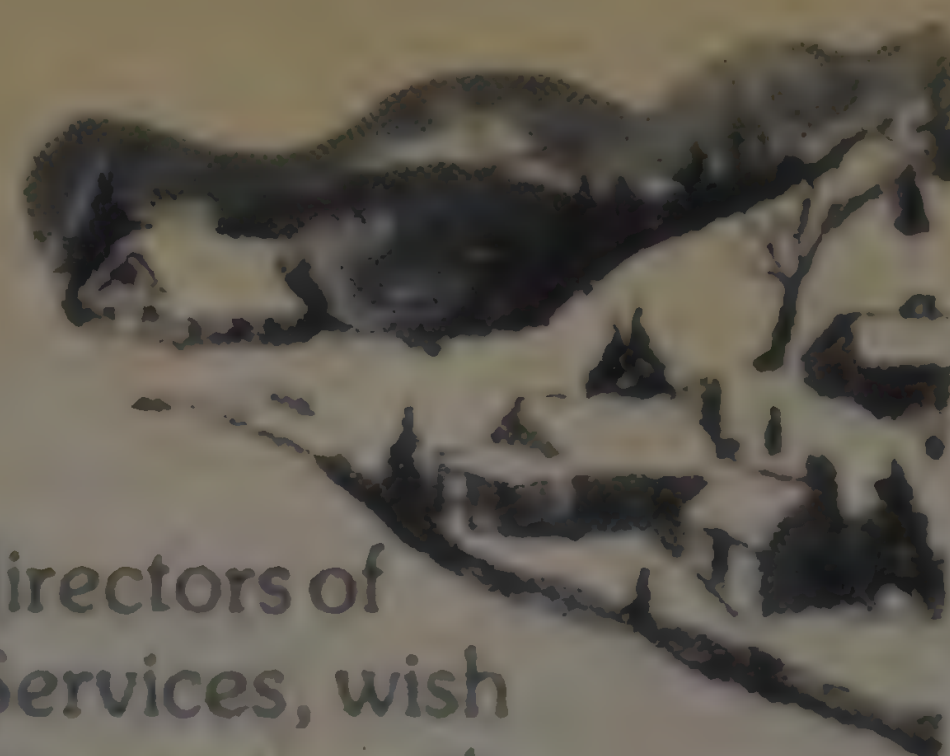
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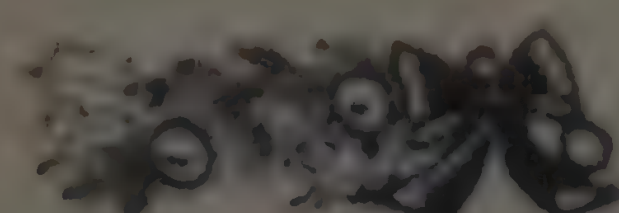


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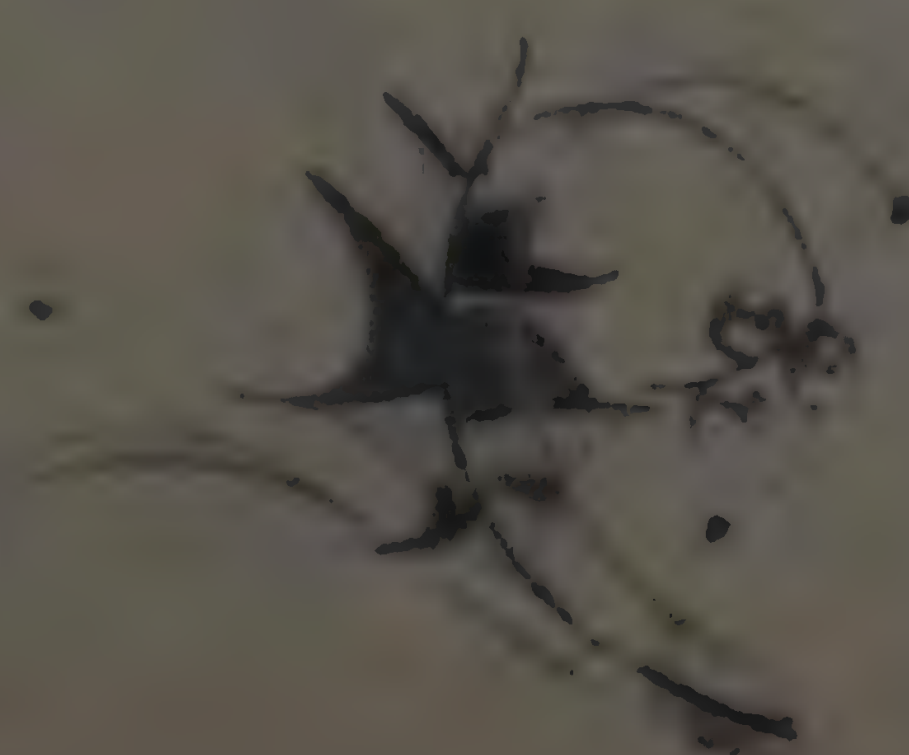
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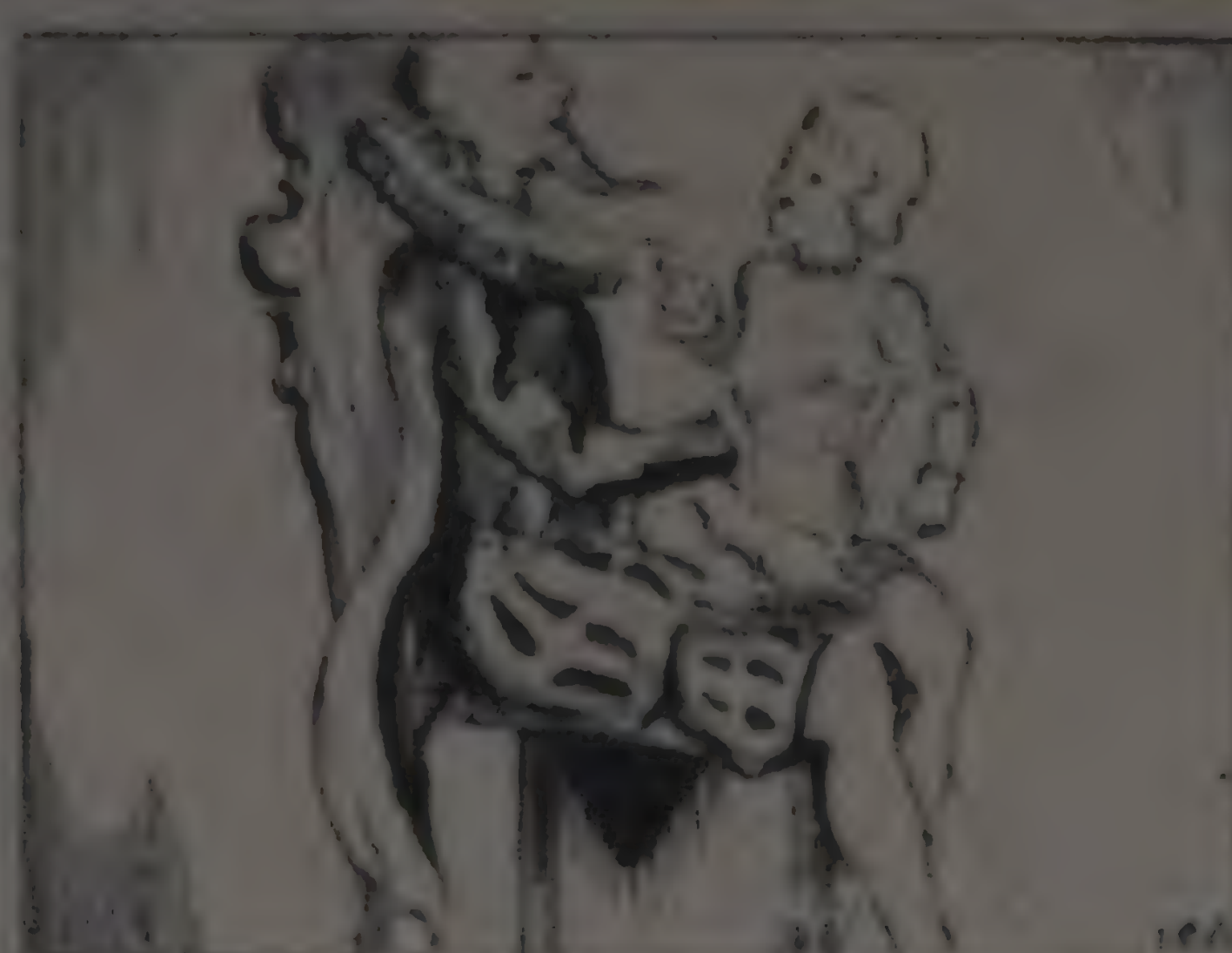


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by W.G. Vandehulst



105. Together they enjoyed the leftover raisin buns. The little prince chatted with the king: "There's a big feast in the palace. Were you there?"

"Yes, I was," said the king.

"There's a strange king visiting Daddy. But Peter, the coachman, says he's a grouch. Peter is teaching me to ride Nora. That's lots of fun. Nora is a pony. Have you ever seen Nora?"

"No, I haven't," said the king.

"But the grouchy king didn't eat all the buns. Wasn't that lucky for us?"

"Yes, you bet!"

And the little prince put his head on the king's shoulder.

106. "Should I tell you something?"

"Go ahead," said the king, "tell me something."

"I love the raisin-bun baker. Peter says Baker Bumble is the best raisin-bun baker in the whole world. Do you love him too?"

"Hm-hm," said the king, but his lips twitched with laughter.

"When I grow up I want to be a raisin-bun baker too."

"But aren't you going to be king?"

"Well, I'll be king half the time and raisin-bun baker the rest of the time. Wouldn't you like to be a baker?"

"Me?" The king laughed out loud and hugged the little boy against his chest.

"You're a loveable little numbskull — that's what you are!"



107. On the other side of the closed curtains stood the people, waiting and burning with impatience and curiosity. What was happening behind the curtains? Sometimes they heard talk, but they couldn't understand it because of the thick curtains. Someone had to be with the angry king. But who?

They didn't hear any shouting. Suddenly they heard laughter! Sure enough, it was the king's laugh. Now they were completely befuddled.

Then a little hand came through the curtain and a cheerful little voice cried, "Come on, let's sneak into the dining hall and see what's happening at the feast."

108. "No, let's not go to the feast. I have a better idea. Come on," cried the king.

The people on the other side of the curtain heard the words very clearly. The little hand disappeared, and they heard the king say, "Not to the feast. The strange king wouldn't like it; he's such a grouch."

"That's right. That's what Peter said."

"Come with me, Upsa-daisy!"

Through the crack between the curtains, the people were astonished to see his majesty trotting off with the little prince on his shoulders.

"Mush, mush, mush!"

The grouchy king is after us.



109. What now? There stood the foreign king's retinue. Their king had run off with a little boy on his shoulders. What should they do now?

Behind them, looking just as astonished, stood the retinue of the host King. The King himself didn't understand what was happening either: first a pine cone in a raisin bun, then the Commander-in-chief tossed into the hall, and now the furious, offended guest playfully running off with the little prince. There had to be sorcery behind it all.

Suddenly two grenadiers in tall bearhats entered the room.

110. They saluted and one of them said, "Your majesty, we know who the woman is who insulted the king from the north earlier today by straightening his coat-of-arms. A skinny, little tailor told us. He wants to know whether there's a reward."

"Reward? Oh, all right, give him ten goldpieces. And bring the woman to me immediately. Who is she?"

"She's Baker Bumble's wife, sire."

"So they're in this together, are they? That villain — baking pine cones in my raisin buns! Arrest them both and bring them here. Commander, will you take charge of the arrest?"

"At once, sire!" said the Commander-in-chief. He was so eager, he forgot all about his sore leg.



111. "Aha, just wait, you tubby traitor! Bake pine cones in the King's raisin buns, will you? And make them so sour they almost make a body gag, will you? You'll pay for your roguish deeds, you warmonger!"

So the Commander-in-chief muttered to himself as he led his squad of twelve grenadiers down the marble steps of the palace, through the city streets toward Baker Bumble's Bunnery to arrest the kind-hearted baker and his ever-neat wife. He would put them in chains and deliver them to the king for judgment.

"You won't get away with it!" The Commander's mustache bristled ferociously. "I'll hunt you down and see that you hang!"

112. The King and Queen strolled restlessly about the palace from one room to another. Coming to one of the tall windows, they looked into the garden and saw the strange king hiding behind a tree. Their little boy was looking for him. He shouted with laughter when he caught his new friend by one corner of his long robe.

They looked on uneasily. What if this powerful king of the north, this surly sour-puss, wanted to steal their little prince? The King issued more orders. And soon fierce grenadiers were creeping all over the garden, ready to protect their little prince — with their lives if need be.

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TRADITIONAL FAMILY BAKING

The small beginnings of Calgary's Peace Community Church

by H. Frank Verhoeff

When we speak of missionaries and mission work we still think of far away places, and not of our own neighbourhood or city. This line of thought is changing in Calgary, since Classis Alberta South, last year decided to sponsor a Home Missions project in Northeast Calgary.

Emmanuel Christian Reformed Church called Rev. Verhulst from Toronto and we were happy that Ken and his wife Kathy decided to come. This was not an easy decision in view of Kathy's need for receiving continued chemotherapy treatment.

On Sunday, September 16, 1979, less than a year after their arrival, a small beginning of a church was visible. A group of 45 adults and 30 children had come out for their first church service in Marlborough Ele-

mentary School.

Rev. Verhulst's message centered on Matthew's mission manual in Matthew 10: "Fear God, tell the world that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Fear not those who kill the body, but cannot kill the soul." It was indeed a message that called for dedication and trust in the Lord on the part of its cell members.

What are the characteristics of this ministry? The primary target is an area of four square miles, containing four districts: Rundle, Pineridge, Temple and Whitehorn. It has a population of about 45,000 and will grow further to 60,000. Most of the people are under 35 years old, young couples with children up to 12 years old.

Most of the church sites have been either sold or carry a heavy price tag (e.g. \$200,000 for 1 1/2 acres). The adoption of a house church model was

selected as the most suitable ministry for this kind of community. This led to the organization of two cell groups. Participants committed themselves to it for weekly meetings, for 10 weeks, during the months of March, April and May. These small groups studied the Board of Home Missions' booklet: "Together We Grow."

During the summer, several backyard Bible schools were held. In August the cell member groups selected their own steering committee of four people: Bob Herrewijnen, Kathy Smid, Morris Spronk and Frank Stotter. Rev. Verhulst is chairman. The group in the meantime had grown to 12 families. After approval by the Home Missions Committee, the group decided to begin worship services on September 16, in a local school. The service is now attended reg-

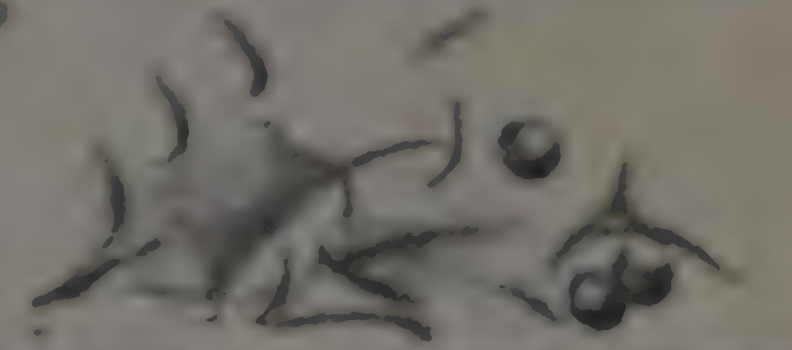
ularly by about 70 adults and children.

On October 29, the new steering committee will be assuming and taking over responsibilities from the Classis steering committee, consisting of three elders of the Calgary churches. There are three cell groups now, who continue to meet weekly to know each other in the bond of Christian fellowship and caring. The purpose is to grow in the knowledge of God and His Word and to gain the ability to share the Gospel with those around them.

The steering committee proposed a budget for 1980 of \$42,724 of which \$12,000 will be expected as income from its own members. This budget subsequently got classical approval. Other supporting sources for this ministry is the grant-in-aid of the Board of Home Missions: \$9,000; the

Classis Alberta South \$12 per family quota; totalling \$13,824; and the Calgary churches: \$20 per family quota totalling \$7,900.

The great concern for the future for all involved in this project is of course the question: "Will community participation be realized?" Would you therefore pray regularly for this ministry at one of Canada's fast-growing market-places?



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'n Adventslied

Elk jaar horen we het weer in de maand december: Advent! Advent is de nadering van de komst van Christus. Wij denken er echter wel om dat wij niet alleen in de maand december in de adventsdagen zijn voor het kerstfeest, maar dat we elke maand, alle dagen van het jaar in de adventsdagen zijn voor de tweede komst van Christus.

Het is zelfs zo dat we de december dagen oneigenlijke adventsdagen kunnen noemen want er komt op 25 december niets meer. Het is alleen zo dat we er een kerkelijk jaar op na houden dat met advent begint en met pinksteren ophoudt. En in december denken we dan gewoonlijk aan het Joodse volk dat in de eerste advent verlangde naar de komst van de Messias, een komst die in het Oude Testament vele malen en op verschillende wijzen was aangekondigd. En waarin ook heel wat elementen verecholen liggen die heen wijzen naar de tweede komst van de Heiland op de wolken. Want tenslotte zal de komst van de Here Jezus betekenis hebben voor alle volkeren, de dood zal worden vernietigd, alle tranen zullen van de ogen worden afgewist, en de smaad van Gods gehele volk (uit Joden en heidenen) zal worden 'weggedaan' van de ganse aarde (Jesaja 25). In dat hoofdstuk kunt u een adventslied lezen: Zie, dit is onze God; wij hebben op Hem gewacht om ons te redden. Dit is de Here wij hebben op Hem gewacht; laten wij blij zijn en ons verheugen over Zijn verlossing.

Dit lied zingt van de komst van de Zaligmaker, de Redder. Gods volk heeft Hem verwacht. En niet te vergeefs. Uit het hoofdstuk blijkt dat de vijand overwonnen wordt, Moab wordt neergeworpen in het stof. Moab is hier echter ook de vertegenwoordiger van de hoogmoedige en Gode vijandige wereld, die het oordeel van God ondergaat. En dat wordt de redding van Israël, Zion, God's gemeente. En dat volk van God gaat zingen: Zo is onze God, wij hebben op Hem gewacht, wij hebben op Hem gehoopt, wij hebben Hem verwacht, met groot verlangen naar Hem uitgezien, en Hij heeft ons niet beschaamd. Hij is gekomen, en heeft ons gered, al onze vijanden heeft Hij verslagen. Hij is onze trouwe Verbondsgod, het was Zijn verlossing.

Wij hebben Hem verwacht, op Hem gehoopt en naar Hem verlangd. Hier wordt een woord gebruikt dat een grote spanning inhoudt. Er was spanning in hun ziel. Het was maar geen lijdelijk afwachten, maar een biddend verwachten, een uitzien vol actie. Het woord wordt ook door Job gebruikt als hij zegt dat een arbeider verlangt naar zijn loon. Hij ziet er naar uit vol verlangen, vol verwachting, vol spanning.

Zo hebben de gelovigen van de oude dag vol verlangen en verwachting uitgezien naar de komst van de beloofde Messias. Er staat zelfs van Abraham geschreven dat hij begeerd heeft Zijn dag te zien en hij heeft hem in het geloof gezien en was blij! Er waren ook in de dagen voor de komst van de Heiland verschillende godvrezende Joden die verlangden naar de komst van David's grote Zoon. Simeon en Anna zijn ons allen bekend. Ze verwachtten de vertroosting Israels. En hoe mooi heeft Zacharias niet over Hem gedicht.

Zo moeten ook wij Christus verwachten. Vol spanning. Hij is onze zaligheid. Hij bevrijdt ons. Hij maakt ons zalig. Hij behoort het voorwerp te zijn van ons verlangen. Het is voor ons altijd advent. En de geloofsbelijdenis zegt aan het eind van artikel 37: daarom verwachten wij die grote dag met een vurig verlangen ten einde tenvolte te kunnen genieten van de beloften Gods die wij hebben in Christus Jezus onze Here!

Zullen wij naar Jezus verlangen, dan moeten wij Hem kennen. Israël zong: Zie, dit is onze God; zie, dit is de Here, op wie wij hoopten, die wij verwachten. Zij wisten dus heus wie Hij was. Het was de God der vaderen, de God die hen geleid had uit Egypte, het diensthuis. En die hen nu verlost uit de hand van hun vijanden. Zacharias wist ook wel wie Hij was. Hij komt er bijna niet over uitgezongen, en de ene beschrijving van de God des hells rolt over de andere. Ze kennen Hem, die vromen uit het Oude Testament. Dit is onze God! Daarom zingen we zeker zo graag hun psalmen. Je voelt er in dat ze Hem kennen. "Want deze God is onze God".

U voelt in hun verlangen naar de verlossing des Heren, naar de hoorn des heils, een grote spanning. Ze verlangen zo naar deze God, dat ze als het ware in dat verlangen vooruitleven. In dat vooruitleven zijn die Joden uit het Oude Testament erg gelukkig geweest. Ze zagen uit naar die grote dag! Zo ook mogen wij vooruitleven in de toekomst: Jezus komt. Als we daaraan denken, en om bidden, genieten wij al van te voren, dan hebben we een voorsmaak van de eeuwige sabbat. We weten reeds van de vervulling van al die beloften in het Oude Testament aangaande Zijn eerste komst. We wachten nu vol spanning op Zijn tweede komst. Straks zullen we het mogen zeggen als Hij komt op de wolken: Dit is onze God, op wien wij hoopten dat Hij ons zou bevrijden. Hier is Hij, laten wij juichen en ons verblijden over Zijn verlossing! Zijn komst is het die ons heil volmaakt!

J. Van Harmelen

Want een kind is ons geboren

Jesaja 9: 1, 4 en 5

Ik kan dit jaar geen Kerstfeest vieren!
het is zo donker in de landen,
de mens is wreder dan de dieren,
en bloed kleefte er aan vele handen
Wie is er die ons troost kan geven?
Spreek, Heer, en wil de hemelen scheuren!
"Wat eens Jesaja heeft geschreven
zal u vertroosten in uw treuren".
... want duisternis zal d'aard bedekken
en donkerheid het volk benauwen,
maar dan zal God Zijn handen strekken
naar allen, die op Hem vertrouwen.
Hij zal een hemels licht doen stralen,
hun harten met Zijn vreugd doordrenken,
Hij zal hen uit het diensthuis halen,
hun eeuwige bevrijding schenken.
De schoenen, die zo dreunend stampten
en de met bloed besmeurde kleren
der vijanden, die 't volk bekampten,
God zelf zal ze door vuur verteren!
Want zie; een Kind is ons geboren,
God heeft Zijn Zoon aan ons gegeven;
Hij is, voor wie naar Hem wil horen
de Weg, de Waarheid en het Leven!

Nel Benschop

Uit: "Een Vlinder Van God"



Persoverzicht

- "Hoop die gezien wordt is geen hoop", zo schrijft de apostel Paulus in zijn brief aan de Romeinen (8:24). Dat geldt ook voor de vrede waarnaar wij allen uitzien en verlangen. De wereld was zeer zeker geen toonbeeld van vrede in de afgelopen week, en het zal ook wel nooit zo geweest zijn. Paulus vervolgt in vers vijf-en-twintig: "Indien wij echter hopen op hetgeen wij niet zien verwachten wij het met volharding".

- Wij zien steeds duidelijker de tekenen der tijden: "volk zal opstaan tegen volk, en koninkrijk tegen koninkrijk, en er zullen nu hier dan daar hongersnoden en aardbevingen zijn". In al die gebeurtenissen horen wij de naderende voetstappen van de komende Vrededorst.

- Op het thuisfront schijnt er nu een overeenkomst te zijn tussen Clark en Loughheed aangaande het energie beleid. Ed Broadbent wist te vertellen dat dat een verdubbeling van de olieprijs zou betekenen met klimmende prijzen tot 1983. Clark en Loughheed zijn het nog niet eens over de wijze van belasting, maar er wordt wel verwacht dat de regering in staat zal zijn om spoedig een begroting in te brengen. Dat gaat de Minister van Financien een paar nieuwe schoenen kosten. Ministers van Financien dragen traditioneel nieuw schoeisel als zij een begroting inbrengen.

- De tragedie van de gijzelaars in Teheran gaat maar door. President Carter hield een

perskonferentie waarin hij militair ingrijpen niet uitschakelde maar toch wel uitdrukte dat de veiligheid van de gijzelaars het beleid zou overheersen. Van foto's en verhalen in de krant krijgt men de indruk dat de mensen in Teheran niets anders doen dan in grote massa in de straten demonstreren. Hebben die lui geen werk te doen? Met dat al is en blijft het een uiterst gevaarlijke en gespannen situatie.

- Een vliegtuig van de Nieuw Zeelandse maatschappij verongelukte aan de Zuidpool. Er kwamen 257 mensen om het leven.

- Mexico heeft de Sjah van Iran laten weten dat hij niet langer welkom is in dat land. Het is wel niet zo leuk maar toch ook wel weer te begrijpen. Hij zal wel ergens in het spreekwoordelijk hutje op de Mokummerhei terecht komen.

- De Paus was in Turkije en hij werd door het leger beschermd omdat er ook bedreigingen tegen hem gemaakt werden.

- In Engeland ballen de vakverenigingen hun vuisten met nieuwe stakingen. Verschillende ziekenhuizen waren in moeilijkheden omdat er geen olie bezorgd werd, de chauffeurs staken.

- Ik maak van deze gelegenheid gebruik om al mijn lezers een gezegend Kerstfeest toe te wensen en vooral ook God's nabijheid in het komende jaar.

Carl D. Tuyt

Het lied van de oude Simeon

door Hans Bouma

Hij leefde van de hoop,
een droom schoot hem te binnen,
de toekomst was zijn brood,
het heil dat zou beginnen.

Hij leefde naar de dood,
kon zijn geluk niet vinden,
niets dat hem uitzicht bood,
maar hij zocht onverminderd.

God sloeg op hem het oog,
niet zinloos was zijn bidden,
gelukkig wie gelooft,
God helpt hem overwinnen.

Verrast hem met zijn Zoon,
de man moet er van zingen,
hij maakt de Schepper groot
die mensen wil beminnen.

Dan buigt de man het hoofd,
de zon neigt nu ter kimme,
het kind lacht in zijn schoot,
de Heer der stervelingen.



UIT: Een kind is ons geboren samengesteld door Hans Bouma, geïllustreerd door Otto Dicke en uitgegeven door Kok, Kampen, 1977

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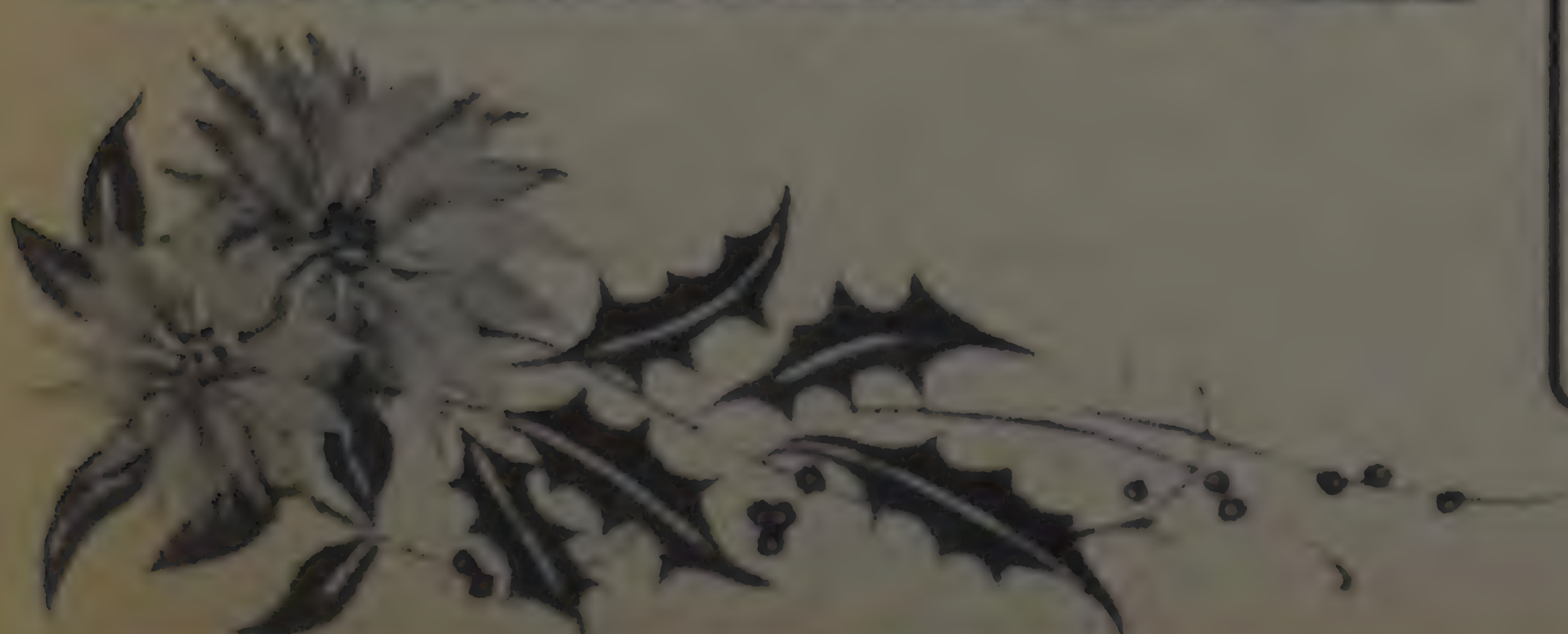
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THANKS

LUVSHOF: We like to take this opportunity to thank our children, grandchildren, relatives and friends for making our 40th Wedding Anniversary a day never to be forgotten.

Geert and Ge Luvshof

SCHALKWYK: We want to thank all our friends for the many ways they made our 25th Wedding Anniversary a wonderful event. A special thank you to the congregation of Williamsburg for the beautiful evening they organized for us. We wish every one God's blessing for the future.

Leonard and Ann Schalkwyk and family.

VAN DYK-RENNEN: We wish to thank our children, grandchildren, all our relatives and friends, for making our 54th Wedding Anniversary a day to remember. It was sincerely appreciated. Above all, we give thanks to our heavenly Father for the many blessings we have received over the years.

Mr. & Mrs. W. Van Dyk, Sr., Hamilton, Ont.

BIRTHS

DEVRIES: Praise the Lord. Once again he has blessed our family with a healthy baby girl, AMANDA JOAN. A sister for Melissa and Rebecca. Third grandchild for Mr. and Mrs. Harm Devries of Dunnville, Ont., and fourth grandchild for Mr. and Mrs. Harm Koeslag of Glen Williams, Ont.

Bob and Trudy Devries, Georgetown, Ont.

FLIKWEERT: "Thank you Lord, for entrusting another one of your children to us." With thankfulness in our hearts, we, Dan and Hetty Flikweert are pleased to announce the arrival of PIETER CORNELIUS, born November 22, 1979, 9 lbs., 2 oz. A brother for Rachel. Happy grandparents are: Mr. and Mrs. P.C. Flikweert of Chatham, Ont., and Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Rooyen of Beamsville, Ont.

50 Hickory Place, Brantford, Ont.

KOOY: With joy and praise to God, the giver of life, we announce the birth of our daughter, JENNIFER MICHELLE, born October 4, 1979. A sister for John, Darlene and Steven. Joyful grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. J. Lennips of Brockville and Mrs. F. Kooy of Brampton.

Psalm 103.
John and Diane Kooy,
R.R. #2, Brockville, Ont.

ENGAGEMENTS

DEVRIES-VELLEKOOP: We, Irwin J. DeVries and Jean E. Vellekoop, wish to announce our engagement, which took place November 24, 1979. Together with our parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. DeVries, Vancouver, B.C., and Mr. and Mrs. J. Vellekoop, Peterborough, Ont., we thank the Lord for his goodness.

ANNIVERSARIES

1929 1979
Hoogveen, Rockton
Holland Ontario
"The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand" (Psalm 121:5).
The Lord willing, this December 21, our beloved parents and grandparents

ARENT & JANTJE
BOUWMEESTER (nee Overdijk)

may remember the day on which they were united in marriage, 50 years ago.
Albert & Helen Bouwmeester — Dundas
Bernie & Hilda Bouwmeester — Lynden
Henny & John Stryker — Dundas
John & Aafje Bouwmeester — Lynden
Theresa & Joop Brokking — Campbellville
Dieny & Bill Brunsveld — Puslinch
Johnny & Clair Bouwmeester — Branchton
Harry Bouwmeester — Rockton and 29 grandchildren
Open house from 1 - 5 p.m., on December 22, 1979, in the Township Hall, Rockton, Ont. Donations for the mission.

1924 1979
On December 18, the Lord willing, we will celebrate with our parents their 55th Wedding Anniversary.

HANK and JANE GRIFFIOEN
(nee Eikelenboom)

It is our prayer that God will continue to keep them in his care.
Their thankful children:
Jaap & Diny Griffioen — Muiden, Holland
Willy & Johannes Overdijk — New Liskeard, Ont.
Bill & Gerrie Griffioen — Sunderland, Ont.
Henk & Joke Griffioen — Kitchener, Ont.
Rie & Pol De Rooij — Beverwijk, Holland
Simon & Jo Griffioen — Guelph, Ont.
Jan & Gre Griffioen — Huizen, Holland
Jane & John Uyl — Elmira, Ont.
Joanne & Han Oosterdag — Barrie, Ont.
Nick & Mary Griffioen — Bowmanville, Ont.
Ida & Yde Andringa — Bowmanville, Ont.
42 grandchildren and 7 great-grandchildren.
68 King St., East, Apt. 504, Bowmanville, Ont. L1C 3K2.

With gratitude to our Lord, we hope to celebrate with our parents.

GEORGE and JETSKIE
VANDERDEEN (nee Zandberg)

their 25th Wedding Anniversary, on December 17, 1979.
Their children:
Joanne, Jeannette, Shirene, Willette, John, Fred, Arlene, Iona, Hilda and Edward.
Open house on December 22, 1979, from 8 - 10 p.m. in the Smithers Christian School gym.
Box 2036, Smithers, B.C. V0J 2N0.

ANNIVERSARIES

1955 1980
Clarkson, Ontario
On January 5, 1980, we lift our hearts in thanksgiving and joy, as we celebrate with our parents, their 25th Wedding Anniversary.

FRED and JANE REINDERS
(nee Van Der Way)

We thank God for his love and care over them in their years together and pray for God's blessing for them in years to come.

Their children:
Michael & Chris — Vancouver
Karen & Tom — Grand Rapids
Hilda — Grand Rapids
Philip — Mississauga
Harold — Mississauga
A reception will be held on Saturday afternoon, January 5, from 3 to 5 p.m. in the Clarkson Chr. Ref. Church, 1880 Lakeshore Blvd. W., Mississauga, Ont.
Home address: 1655 Valentine Gardens, Mississauga, Ont. L5J 1H4.

OBITUARIES

On Thursday, November 22, 1979, the Lord took unto himself, at home,

JOHN VAN HOEVE

in his 60th year.
Beloved husband of Martina Van Hoeve (De Jager)
Dear Father of:
Ben, Frank, Corine — all at home.
Dear son of P.B. Van Hoeve

Dear brother of:
Suzan Van Fraayenhove (Van Hoeve), Frans, Pieter, Siemon — all of Axel, Holland.

Funeral service from First Ref. Church, 201 Paradise Rd. N., Hamilton, on Monday, November 26. Interment in Waterdown Cemetery.

"In everything God works for good for those who love him."
Donations to the Hamilton-Wentworth Lung Association, or Hamilton District Christian High School, would be appreciated as an expression of sympathy.

The council and congregation of the First Chr. Ref. Church of Barrie, Ont., extend their Christian sympathy to Mrs. Rinske Veenema and her children: Fred & Lili; Grace & Ron; Frank & Pearl; Henry & Carol, in the sudden death of their husband and father.

STEVE VEENEMA

at the age of 56.
Steve was vice-chairman of our council. May the God of grace, whose wisdom passes all understanding, comfort them in this time of sorrow.
Rev. Harry Bierman, Pres.
John Hovingh, Clerk.

TEACHERS NEEDED

DUNDAS: Calvin Christian School will need a teacher for grade 3, beginning approximately mid January, 1980. Please send letters of inquiries and/or applications to:
Gary Glasbergen, principal
Calvin Christian School
R.R. #2, Dundas, Ont. L9H 5E2.
Phone: (416) 627-1411 (school) or (416) 689-6259 (home).

LUCKNOW: The Lord willing, the Lucknow and District Christian School will open its doors for Christian education, kindergarten through grade 8, beginning September 1980.
We invite applications for the position of a teaching principal for the new 3 room school. If you are interested in the challenge of helping to establish a community Christian School in a rural area, please send your inquiries to: Lucknow and District Christian School Association, c/o Education Committee, Box 550, Lucknow, Ont.

TEACHERS NEEDED

OSGOODE: The Community Christian School Association, Metcalfe invites inquiries and applications for the position of principal of their new Christian school, starting in September 1980. The principal-elect will work closely with the educational committee in developing curriculum, school policies and in staff hiring. The school will be interdenominational in character and will be located in a rural setting, 15 miles from the centre of Ottawa. Write for further information to: Education Committee, Community Christian School Association, Box 435, Osgoode, Ont. K0A 2W0. Tel: 613-826-2715.

STRATFORD: The Stratford and District Christian School invites applications for the position of teaching/principal for the 80/81 school year. Send resume and letter of application to: Stratford and District Christian School, c/o C. Van Laren, secretary (Board of Directors), R.R. #1, Sebringville, Ont. N0k 1X0. (519) 271-8389.

Newlyweds whose wedding announcement appears here, including their address, will receive C.C. free of charge for one year.

PERSONAL

Christian Reformed widow, 41, would like to meet a sincere Christian man. Please send a picture if possible. It will be returned. Write to Box #4471, Calvinist Contact, 99 Niagara St., St. Catharines, Ont. L2R 4L3.

Respectable retired Christian Reformed widower, seeks contact with respectable widow or lady of approximately 55-65 years of age. Please enclose a picture with your reply, and send to Box #4470, Calvinist Contact, 99 Niagara St., St. Catharines, Ont. L2R 4L3.

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Jenny Valkenburg
172 Rattenburg St. E.,
Box 543, Clinton, Ont. N0M 1L0
Tel. 519-482-9454

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English
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(harmony, aural skills, choral conducting)

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Men and women who hold doctoral credentials, have insight into the integration of faith and learning, and are eligible for employment in Canada are encouraged to submit applications to:

Dr. Sidney DeWaal,
President, The King's College,
10020 - 108 Street, Edmonton, Alberta, T5J 1K6.
(403) 428-0727.

The Christian Reformed World Relief Committee is seeking a full-time

CANADIAN DIRECTOR

He/she will be responsible for all CRWRC promotional work in Canada, for relationships with federal and provincial governments and other agencies, and for administering a CRWRC office in Canada.

Required:

- experience in management, accounting, and administration
- Canadian citizenship
- willingness to relocate if necessary
- wide knowledge and experience in diaconal work

Desirable:

- college degree
- overseas experience (Third World)
- knowledge of development work

For applications write:

CRWRC - Canada
178 Alway Road, Box 235,
Grimsby, Ont. Canada L3M 4G3

Or call: (416) 643-3428

Applications due January 15

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Classified Advertising

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12,000 chicken broilers basic quota. Executive 4 bedroom home, custom built indoor swimming pool. Excellent barn - hot water heating. Latest in equipment. Ideally situated in an exclusive area, on a 10 acre lot, close to Hamilton.

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Turkey broilers, 415,000 lbs. basic quota; 50 acres choice garden land; 3 bedroom brick ranch home with inground swimming pool. Tractor and implements included. Be sure to call on this one. The price is right! 12 miles from Brantford.

For more Details call:
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(formerly Rooke Real Estate Ltd.)
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Dunnville, Ont.
416-774-7624
and ask for Gord Gray
(res.) 519-822-4438

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John Veenstra B.A., B.D.

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9,000 breeders capacity; 2 large barns in good condition; 40 acres land, good home, in Niagara Peninsula. For sale on very reasonable terms or will lease with option to buy.

For more details call:
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(formerly Rooke Real Estate Ltd.)
220 Broad St. E.,
Dunnville, Ont.
416-774-7624
and ask for Keith Miller
774-4077 (evgs.)

Investment Property Opportunity
Four-plex apartment in the city of Owen Sound, close to downtown. Older building in good condition. Full price \$35,900.

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R.R. #6 Forest — \$225,000
70 acres with excellent home. 30 acres tiled, all workable. Proven reserves of 185,000 yards of gravel, good farm land and excellent investment opportunity. Please call MARK MARTENS at 1-519-542-3474.

300 Acres Dairy Farm — \$1,500,950
A going concern. Included #1 and #2 milk quota. Full line of equipment. All tiled and workable except for 7 acres. Large 2 storey home with 7 bedrooms. Forest area. Please call MARK MARTENS at 1-519-542-3474.

R.R. #3 Petrolia — \$120,000
57 acres. Pasture, sandy loam with 1½ storey home. Excellent investment opportunity. Petrolia area. Please call MARK MARTENS at 1-519-542-3474.

CANADA TRUST REALTOR
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Dutch family (parents, 4 teen-age daughters) wants to exchange houses with Canadian family for 4-5 weeks during July-August, 1980. They offer: roomy house in countryside, 10 km from Leeuwarden, use of cars. They require: similar accommodation in south-eastern Ontario, preferably Niagara Peninsula.

Contact:
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L0S 1E0.

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Toronto M5S 2G8
(416) 598-2181

Mr. Houtman hopes to be in
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next 3 months, and in Alberta in
November.

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Address _____
Phone _____


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Almost twenty centuries ago
God's gift to all mankind
began this annual excitement
of giving and receiving.

For us, the presents of the past
are lost in foggy oblivion;
but His forever gift of grace
came long before and still remains
long after its manifestation
in the baby of Bethlehem.

It now flows freely for the asking:
not by reaching towards the heavens
but by stooping, thankfully
and humbly, on our knees.

Jeff Seffinga



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Christmas among the pioneers

by Marcus Van Steen

(Canadian Scene)

As we sit down to our Christmas dinner, perhaps we should give thought to the fact that what we take for granted would have been regarded as exotic luxuries to previous generations. Recent technological advances have transformed our dinner tables within the present generation. Some of us call still remember when spring vegetables were available only in the spring, and when such tropical fruits, as we did import, came in only for a few weeks each year. But it is difficult for us to even imagine how the first settlers to this country fared during the long Canadian winter.

The first thing we have to remember, is the extreme isolation of the first settlers in Canada. Quebec City, could receive news and supplies from Europe within six weeks at the best of times, but, ships often took weeks longer, depending on the weather. Inland, even as important a centre as Montreal, was cut off from Quebec City for weeks at a time during the winter. The main link with Montreal was by the river, and after ice started to form, all communication was cut until the ice was strong enough to bear a horse and sleigh. When the spring thaw weakened the ice, there was no passage on the river until ships could sail again.

Further inland from Montreal, the winter isolation was even more severe. The first Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada (now Ontario), John Graves Simcoe, found that a letter mailed in London, in October, usually did not reach him until the following May. The rare exceptions occurred when someone happened to be travelling from New York to Niagara and agreed to carry the newspapers and mail that had arrived from Europe. As Mrs. Simcoe recorded plaintively in her diary: "My children in Devon could be dead and buried, and I would not know about it until many months later."

From Mrs. Simcoe's diary we can also learn how the settlers tried to preserve some of their familiar Christmas customs in a strange land. She tells of going into the woods to collect berries and nuts to take the place of the traditional raisins and currants in the Christmas cakes and puddings, and she was quite pleased to find that huckleberries could take the

place of currants. Others were not as easily satisfied as Mrs. Simcoe. John Langton, who became Auditor General of Upper Canada, in the 1830s, wrote in a letter home to England, of being served a Christmas pudding that was "filled with strange berries and fruits that were dry, tasteless and almost uneatable."

It was not only luxuries that were scarce among the pioneers. Tea was rare, and sold in York (Toronto) in 1799 for 19 shillings a pound, which means it cost as much as 90 pounds of flour.

Imported cane sugar was dear in summer and unobtainable in winter. The early settlers used wild honey, when they could find it, or maple syrup. They made vinegar by boiling down the late-run maple sap,

adding yeast and letting it ferment. They made yeast by boiling hops mixed with flour and water batter, and adding a substance made from flour, salt and warm milk which had been allowed to ferment.

Flour remained scarce in Ontario until well into the 19th century. To make bread, flour was augmented with ground corn, mashed potatoes or, more commonly, with dried and ground pumpkin. The pumpkin was introduced to the settlers by the Indians, and it remained an important staple for many years. It was the only winter vegetable until enough land had been cleared to grow potatoes. Besides being boiled as a vegetable, pumpkin was also used in soups and pies.

One hardship endured by the early settlers which we are

likely to forget is that their homes were, by our standards, unbearably cold. In those days, Canadians took it for granted that it was cold in Canada in winter-time, both inside and out, and they didn't expect to wake up in a warm house on Christmas morning. If they were able to make one room, or one corner of a room, cozily warm they felt comfortable. For the rest, they relied mainly on their own body heat and they dressed to preserve it, even going to bed wearing socks and caps and thick flannel night-gowns over woollen underwear.

Catherine Parr Traill, an English woman who settled in the Peterborough area of Ontario in 1832, frequently records in her diaries, such items as "It took longer than

usual to brew tea this morning, because the water in the tub in the kitchen was frozen." Even the finest homes were icy, as indicated in this Christmas letter to home, written by the Lieutenant Governor, Sir Francis Bond Head, from the vice-regal residence in Toronto, in 1836: "My home is warmed with hot air from a large oven, with fires in all our sitting rooms. Nevertheless, the ink freezes on my pen, the lather in my shaving brush, the latch of the door sticks in my hand and the water occasionally freezes in my glass at dinner...."

The humbler homes of the day were usually made of split logs which soon warped, letting in the cold draughts.

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EVENTS

Responsibility
and response
Salvation Army
conference theme

Leaders of the world-wide Salvation Army gathering from more than 80 lands met in conference in Toronto September 20 - October 3rd. The SA's primary target remains what it has always been, that of evangelism - this term being understood in its broadest and all-embracing sense.

The main purposes of this assembly were to consult on the ways in which Salvationists may advance their Christian service in a world of rapid social and political change and to discuss how this ministry may be reinforced, stimulated and intensified in the future.

The conference theme was "Responsibility and Response" and the Army's world leader, General Arnold Brown, set the tone for subsequent deliberations in his key-note address, placing the primary emphasis on evangelical outreach. Referring to the need for a realistic reappraisal of the Army's manifold operations he said, "We need not only our ideals, we need also self-criticism and some prophetic admonitions."

Critical reappraisal became increasingly evident in the frank discussion on such matters of deep social and moral concern as family planning and abortion, alcoholism, pornography, gambling, homosexuality and race relationships. Statements reveal the determinations to uphold biblical teaching, whilst being aware of the nature of contemporary society in which Salvationists have to live out their faith. Above all, a spirit of loving concern was expressed for those caught up in the anguish and bewilderment of marital breakdown and family disintegration, the breakdown of conventional concepts of sexual relationships and conduct, and the abuse of and dependence upon various forms of drugs, including alcohol.

The wives of leaders participated fully in the entire conference. In addition all women delegates conferred separately for one day to discuss the work of Salvation Army Women's organizations. The highly significant role of such sections as the Home League and the League of Mercy in the over-all influence and effectiveness of the Salvation Army's world-wide mission ministry was emphasized.

New King James
Bible

Toronto (CCP) — A team of international, ecumenical editors, scholars and church leaders have been working for more than four years to make the King James version more

understandable for modern readers without sacrificing either the beauty of its language or the accuracy of its truth. The New Testament portion of the work has now been published by Thomas Nelson Publishers. The publication is sponsored by the International Trust for Bible Studies. It is expected that the Old Testament portion will probably be completed by 1981.

More immigrants
planned for 1980

Canada's Employment and Immigration Minister Ron Atkey, recently announced that

the government will allow 120,000 immigrants in 1980, which includes some 27,000 Indochinese refugees remaining in the government's special 50,000 commitment for 1979 and 1980, made earlier this year.

Mr. Atkey explained that the 1980 increase over the 100,000 level established in 1979 is attributable to the special refugee program whereby the government sponsors one refugee for every one brought to Canada by private sponsors.

"This does not mean that other parts of the immigration program will be cut back. Nor will refugee intake be cut back.

We will err on the side of generosity if more than the expected number of Southeast Asian refugees are sponsored in 1980, as a result of the government's special program," Mr. Atkey said.

"Family and independent immigration will not be reduced in 1980 because of the special refugee program and the principle of the family reunification will continue to govern the admission of close family members. But it will be equally important to increase the proportion of immigrants selected according to the needs of the Canadian labour market."

Signs of the times

TORONTO (CCP) — Cross-roads television has been working with the deaf community to produce a 26-part series of half-hour sign language programs designed especially for the deaf which allow them to express themselves on subjects ranging from marriage to education from a Christian viewpoint.

Host of the program is Rev. Keith Paul, a Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada minister. The programs have been shown already on a variety of TV stations, including CFMT-TV, a multilingual station.

Sarnia Soli Deo Gloria Choir
presents
"HE IS BORN"
featuring as guest organist
"ANDRE KNEVEL"
and a symphonic wind group, the
"PRO ART ENSEMBLE"
from Central Collegiate
December 15, 1979, at 8 p.m. in the
Central United Church,
corner of Brock and George Streets
in Sarnia.
Tickets will be sold at the door.
For further information call:
J. Kaldewey at
519-542-6228.

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1980
For Christian Young Adults, 20 and over
Gravenhurst, Ont.
February 8, 9, 10, 11.
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Live theatre — worship. Strictly first class, ask any who went last year.

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LET'S PLAY CHESS
Editor: Pete Layer

First Series of Problems in December
#809 #810
G. Latzel, J. Feldbrugge,
Germany, 1943 Holland, 1936

4 7

3 3 pts.

8 2 pts.

Notes:
1. Take some time out in your busy Christmas schedules and relax with these problems. The Keys should not be too hard to find and I hope that the variations will be fun to work through.
2. Please give the Key, Threat, and all Variations to the German three-mover, #809.
3. The Key and Threat is needed for gaining full points for #810.
4. The deadline for these problems will be published next week, with second series.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Dec. 8 "The Messiah" by G.F. Handel, performed by the "Laudate Dominum Choir" of Chatham, Director, John Postma, Organist, Jan Overduin of Kitchener. Park Street United Church, Chatham, Ont. 8 p.m. No admission charge.

Feb. 8-11 Christian Winterfest for Christian young adults, Gravenhurst, Ont.

Andre Knevel in Concert:
Woodstock — Dec. 1 at 8:15 p.m., Central United Church; **St. Catharines** — Dec. 8 at 8:15 p.m., St. Thomas Anglican Church; **Hamilton** — Dec. 12 Christmas noon hour recital, St. Paul's Presbyterian Church; **Sarnia** — Dec. 15 at 8:00 p.m., Central United Church.

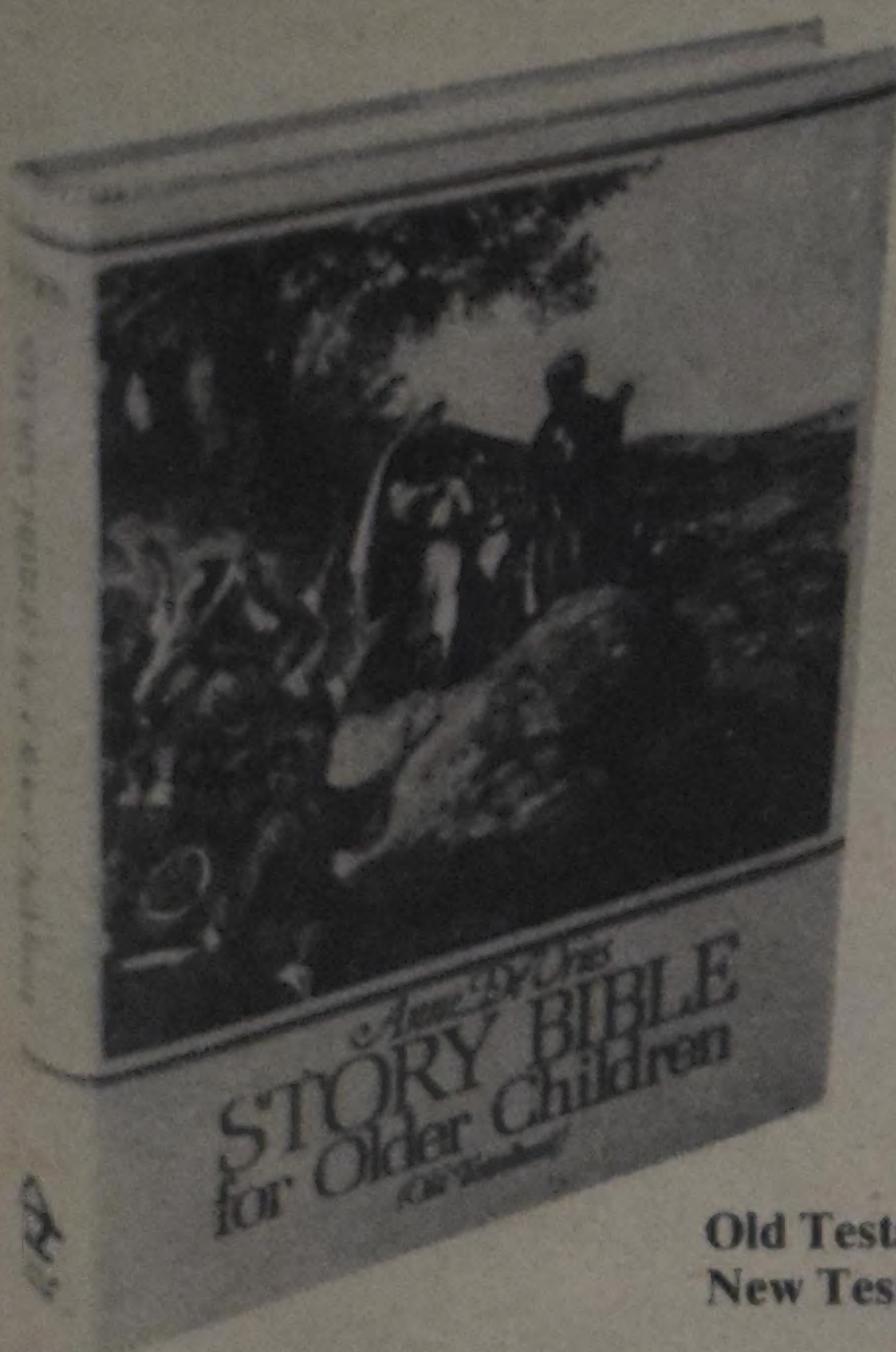
The Brampton Christian Choral Society "Praise the Lord," director Mr. W. Hoekstra, will perform "The World's Redeemer," Dec. 16: 8 p.m., Trinity Chr. Ref. Church, St. Catharines; Dec. 23: 8 p.m., Second Chr. Ref. Church, Brampton.

NEXT ISSUE

Dated	Mailed	Deadline for classified ads	Deadline for all other advertising
Fri. Dec. 14	Wed. Dec. 12	Mon. Dec. 10-10a.m.	Fri. Dec. 7-10a.m.
Fri. Dec. 21	Wed. Dec. 19	Mon. Dec. 17-10a.m.	Fri. Dec. 14-10a.m.
Fri. Dec. 28		NO ISSUE THIS WEEK	

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 "Highly commendable . . . an excellent book."
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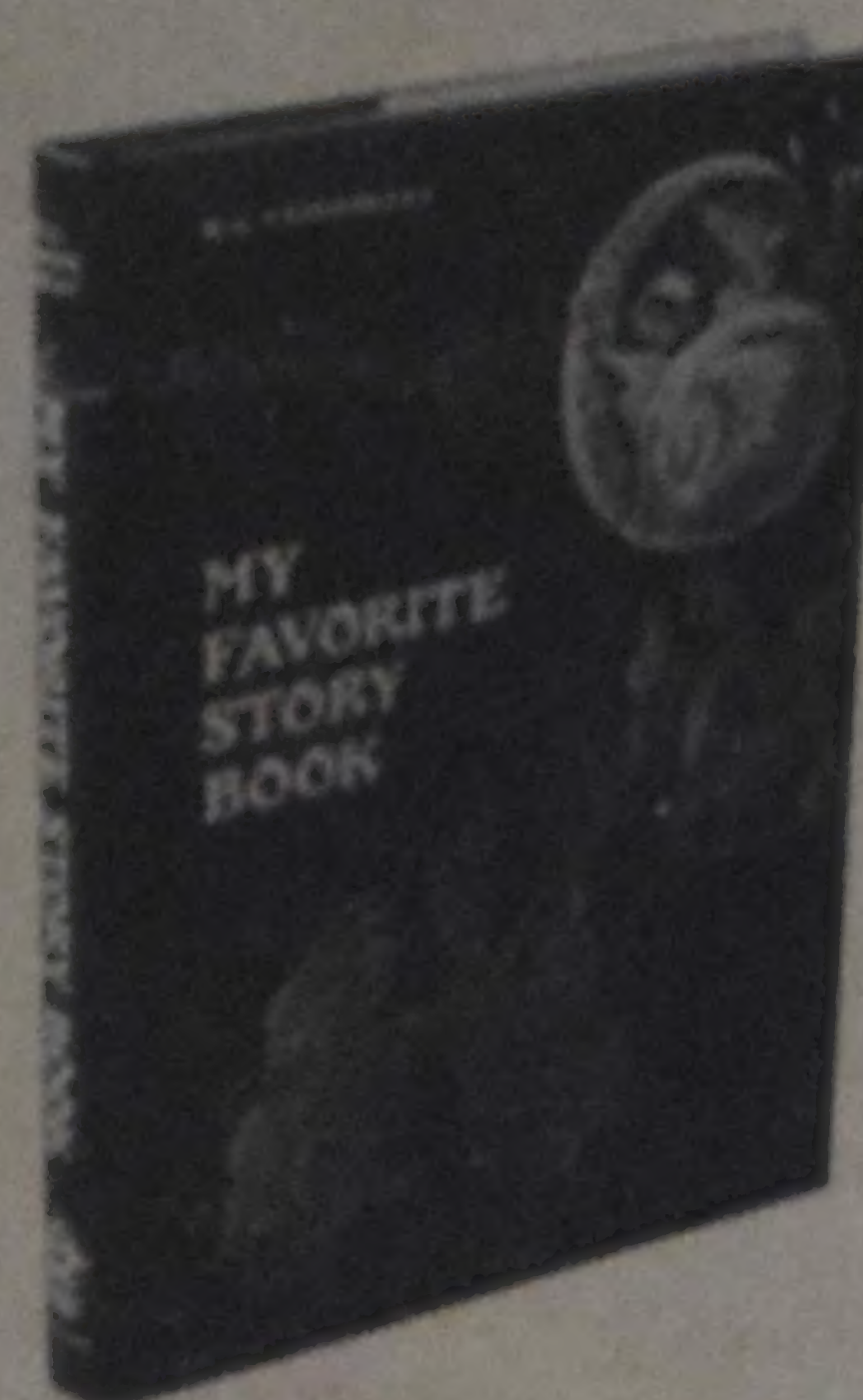


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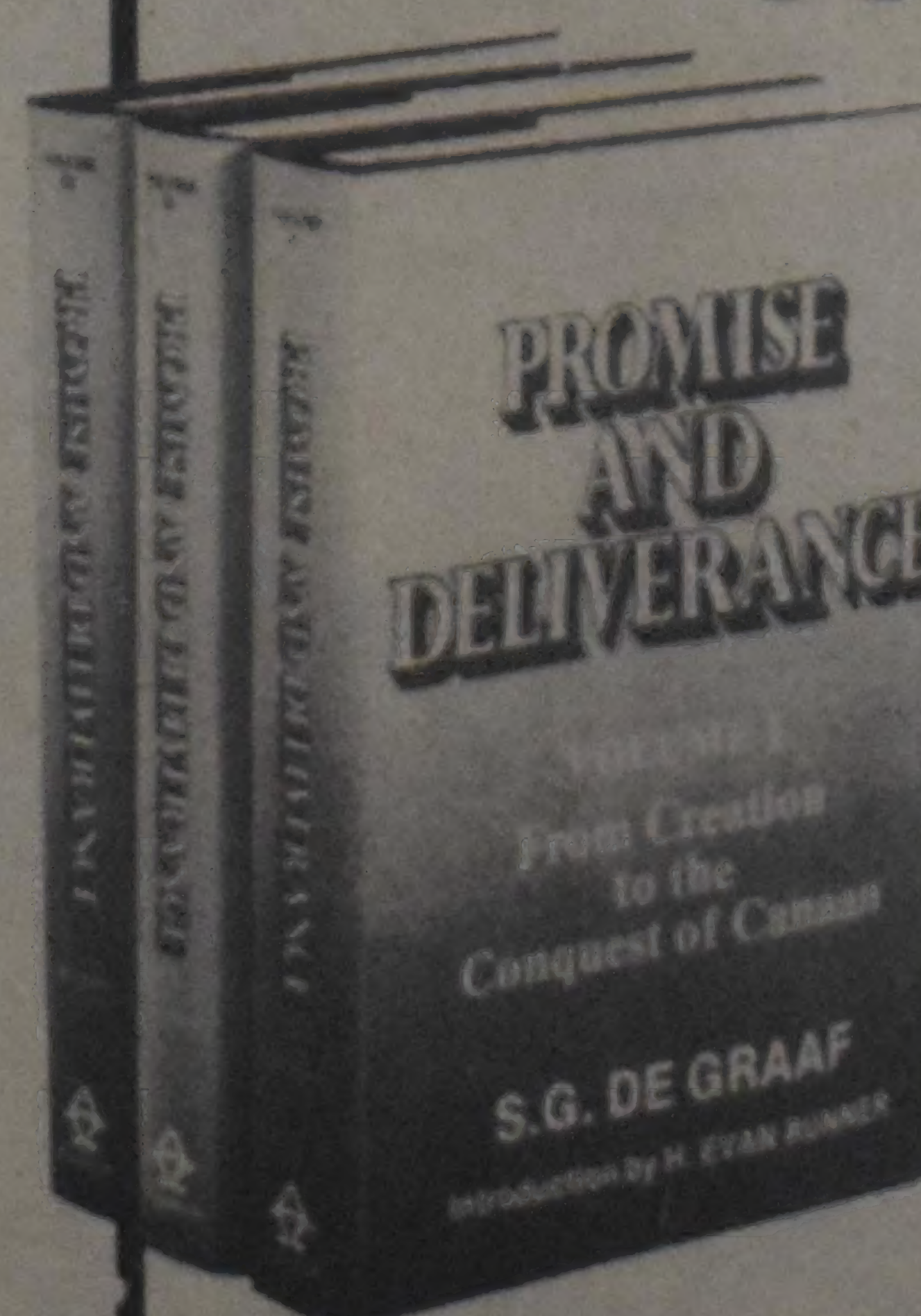
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